

THE IOWA BAND

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MEMBERS OF THE IOWA BAND

William Salter
Harvey Adams

Alden B. Robbins
Daniel Lane

Portraits are lacking of Erastus Ripley, Horace Hutchinson, Benjamin Spaulding

THE IOWA BAND

NEW AND REVISED EDITION

BY

REV. EPHRAIM ADAMS, D.D.

BOSTON

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DEDICATION TO FIRST EDITION

To the Rev. Asa Turner,
DEAR BROTHER:

It was in November, 1843, that you welcomed to your home, your people, and the West, the brethren since known as THE IOWA BAND. At that time, as composing the ordained ministry of our denomination in the then Territory of Iowa, there were with you six others; to wit, JULIUS A. REED, REUBEN GAYLORD, CHARLES BURNHAM, ALLEN B. HITCHCOCK, OLIVER EMERSON, and JOHN C. HOLBROOK. From these, too, came a cordial welcome.

This was twenty-five years ago; bringing us, and our mission work here, to the Silver Wedding time. It is usual, on such occasions, in the presence of friends whose sympathies make the joys common to all, to revive the history of the parties, and reminiscences of the past.

In this little book, as a Home Missionary offering in honor of that noble Society which we all love, there is given, first, a brief history of the BAND, followed by a few facts and scenes from out our common efforts; with such reflections, in passing, as by a review of quarter-century labors, are naturally suggested: all of which, with due thanks to the Master, you will permit, as one of the first Congregational Ministers of Iowa, and one whom we all love to call FATHER TURNER, to be to you dedicated.

ONE OF THE BAND.

1868

INTRODUCTION TO FIRST EDITION

BY

REV. WILLIAM BARROWS, D.D.

If any one ever doubted the utility and success of home missions, let him read this volume. If any one ever doubted whether his contributions to this cause were wisely made and expended, let him study this simple narrative of Christian labors in a new territory and state.

Prior to July 4, 1838, the region covered by this work was Wisconsin Territory; then it became Iowa Territory, and, when the Band entered it in 1843, the settled portion of it was a belt of land on the west bank of the Mississippi, two hundred miles long and forty wide, with a population of something over fifty thousand. The country was then divided between the hardy pioneer, the Indian and the buffalo. There were fifteen Congregational churches. The college, the academy, had not gone over the great river; hardly the common school and the Christian Sabbath. It was a noble sight—an act of quiet, beautiful heroism rarely witnessed—to see these eleven men enter in to do their part in building a Christian

state, and dedicating the latent and developing energies there to Christ and the Church.

It was hard, unseen, unappreciated labor. The very word Iowa was yet a strange one to Eastern lips and ears, and was slowly taking its place in our textbooks and schoolrooms. The men were hidden from us in the dim, hazy distance, under frontier shadows. Bridle-paths, ugly fords, and monthly mails led to their work-fields, but the Master knew each of their cabins, heard every prayer and hymn in their creek and prairie homes, and owned all their great work. What though men did not see their rough foundations for Church and State! we see now what is built on them. In a sublime unconsciousness of their obscurity, they lost themselves in their work. So noble granite blocks disappear in the deep waters, that there may be piers and wharves for queenly ships and the merchandise of all climes.

This volume would not be complete without its picture of the rude log-cabin church where they were ordained, and laid their plans, and whence they moved off in their different and chosen paths. It was a solid, one-story building, originally twenty-four feet by twenty. Built in 1837, when there was no sawmill in the region, its rough logs were dressed down by the axe of the pioneer, split shingles covered the roof, and oaken puncheons made the floor and the seats—the pews! Afterward, but before the ordination in 1843, an addition of sixteen feet was

made to one end. This was the first Congregational meeting-house in Iowa; and here noble and good Father Turner was for so long a time "the voice of one crying in the wilderness, Prepare ye the way of the Lord!" The benediction of his face is the fitting prelude and preface to this volume. How often his deaf old father spoke to us reverently and affectionately of the work "Asa" was doing in the "Great West!" While, in our college vacations, we were mowing for the old gentleman where there were two rocks to one grass, "Asa" was planting the "handful of corn." Now the fruit thereof shakes like Lebanon, and the hundreds of cities of Iowa flourish like the grass of their native prairies.

This same log church, moreover, was the first academy building in Iowa. Here Denmark Academy had its humble yet noble beginnings in the February preceding the ordination. A view of its present beautiful edifice graces this volume.

Here, too, Iowa College was first talked over, prayed over, and then projected. It was one of the first joys and fruits for the Band, at one of their first meetings in Denmark, to consider plans for founding the first college in Iowa. Midway in these sketches, the buildings now lift themselves to our view from their interior and glorious prairie home. How much of heroic history and august prophecy in that picture!

In days to come, Denmark, Iowa, will be as a

shrine for Congregational pilgrims; and, five centuries hence, how much would be given for one log from that old church! The place was settled originally by immigrants from Massachusetts and New Hampshire. Of course, true to New England character and habit, they would at once start a church and a school. New Englanders come honestly by such a tendency. When John Winthrop, the first governor of Massachusetts, was seeking a new home in England, long prior to his coming to America, he wrote to his son, acting as his agent, "I would be near church and some good school." May that aspiration, so long hereditary, never die out among the descendants of the Pilgrims and Puritans! That sentiment of Winthrop is the larger and better part of our national history, compressed into a sentence.

Iowa now has her more than two hundred Congregational churches, the common-school system, highly perfected from the Eastern model, with a noble array of high schools, academies and colleges. It is a record of honor, and eminently fitting it is that these labors and fruits of twenty-five years should go into written history. This is the Congregational chapter. Noble coworkers have material they may well rejoice in for other most worthy chapters.

It should be here said that these sketches have been modestly held back and reluctantly given by men who preferred rather to do work than tell of it. But we remember how Iowa looked before the Band

saw it,—when Keokuk was a village of twelve log and two frame houses; when Burlington showed the green stumps in its main streets; when Davenport was barely the superior rival of Rockingham; and buffalo, deer and Indians divided among themselves the waters of the Des Moines, Cedar and Wapsipiniccon. We have watched the magic change and studied it in frequent revisits, and it seems but due to God to tell how he has made the wilderness a fruitful field.

A Christian state has been founded. Let skeptics study the work, who think we have no longer need for the Christian religion. The Church of Christ has lengthened her cords and strengthened her stakes. Let the supporters of home missions behold, and thank God, and so draw dividends on their charity investments and take new stock in new states beyond. The Congregational Church has gone into a new territory, and become energetic, thrifty and multitudinous. Let those make note of it who think Congregationalism will not work well out of New England, is not adapted to a new country and mixed communities. As if sacred Republicanism cannot go hand in hand across the continent with secular Republicanism, and men manage their own affairs, by popular suffrage in a church, as well as in a town, city or state! Congregational funds have had denominational investment in Iowa. Let results so eminently satisfactory confirm our churches in the

wisdom of such investments. Another step of divine Providence is taken westward in fulfilling the prophecy, "He shall have dominion from sea to sea," from the Atlantic to the Pacific. Another Christian state is added to the frontier, looking towards the great sea. The base-line of the army of occupation for Christ is moved so much farther towards the prophesied boundary. What new Bands will now go out to the front, and picket the advancing army? By and by they will meet those coming up the Pacific slope; then will the watchmen see eye to eye, and rejoice together; then will glory dwell in the land.

Reading, Mass., May, 1870.

THE AUTHOR'S PREFACE TO THE SECOND EDITION

It is with no little hesitation that it is presented. It has seemed in its preparation somewhat like repeating a story once told, or telling it where there is but little interest to hear. And yet the venture is made. Courage for it has come partly because of pleasing evidence that the first edition was not without its use, partly that inquiries for what has long since been out of print are still made, but mainly from the judgment of friends that a second edition would find circulation and do good. As will be seen, it is but a reprint of the first, with few exceptions. The names of persons and places referred to in the first by initials and blanks are here given, the reason for withholding them no longer existing. The notes in passing, a few chapters added to bring matters down to the present time, and a brief appendix may add interest to, while enlarging the view of events referred to. As to the object in view, it is still the same, to pay a tribute to Home Missions. If it will serve to imbue more deeply the noble work of Home Missions in the hearts of the churches, the hopes of the author will be realized.

EPHRAIM ADAMS.

INTRODUCTION TO THE SECOND EDITION
BY
REV. JAMES L. HILL, D.D.

The Iowa Band has supplied for the country the romance of home missions. The frequency of references to it in Associations and National Councils and in the religious papers justifies this opinion. It is a tale of border life. Men are so made that they reverence a bold venture when accompanied by a sense of duty. The fine stories of the world are made up of heroisms. What contagious warmth of feeling used to pervade the meeting of the General Association of Iowa at the moment when these members of the Iowa Band, Fathers in Israel, doughty pioneers, stood together about the pulpit and sang, "My days are gliding swiftly by"!

These men were superlatively fortunate in the choice they made of location. It is probably true that Iowa, lying between her great rivers, is the most productive solid area of ground anywhere to be found. The name means *This-is-the-Land*. "It is the most magnificent dwelling-place prepared by God for man's abode," says DeTocqueville in speaking of this garden, of which Iowa is perhaps the choicest portion.

People who have seen the state only during the last twenty years can scarcely imagine the indescribable beauty of the prairies before they were settled. It was the state of the wild rose. The grass grew thick and strong and high. Myriads of prairie flowers dotted the unbroken expanse. Some came early and others remained until the frosts killed the most beautiful of all, the aster and the goldenrod.

More fortunate still, these men believed in the power of "together." They remind one of the Pilgrims at Plymouth in their cooperative work. "When bad men combine," said Burke, "good men must associate."

The emphasis is not only upon the word *Iowa*, but fully as much upon the designation *Band*. They were allied in their work. They were "association men." This disposition to be united in their labor and to co-operate fully with others on the field, made them more effective in fostering the churches and at length in the joint work of founding a college. School instructors, a great portion of whom were ladies, multiplied until Iowa employed more teachers than any state in the Union, with the single exception of New York and that on account of her great city. The highest incidental service and an enduring imprint on the territory designed to become so distinguished, sprang from the fact that they were educated men. They had the classical spirit and came forth from college halls. During their day the tide turned irresistibly toward

education. The result is compressed in the statement of "A church on every hilltop and a schoolhouse in every valley." Iowa came to have the least illiteracy of any state in the Union. She has employed more teachers than states that have two or three times her population. She was contrasted even with Massachusetts by Gov. Benjamin F. Butler, showing that Iowa had, in the comparison, less illiteracy. Iowa has more banks than any state in the Union. In the dozen North Central States Iowa's estimated wealth exceeds all except Illinois and Ohio, and that on account of their great cities. The statistician Mulhall was forced to exclaim, "This is a prodigious growth of wealth, and without a parallel in the history of the human race." How strange have seemed the statements which she has published when she has been without a debt!

Her fine, great soldiers' monument near the capitol shows her pride in the patriotism and devotion of her sons. She furnished more than her quota of soldiers in the Civil War, and when one man enlisting for three years was made the equivalent of three men enlisting for one year, the draft was abrogated. Now there is no such a thing as an accident; there is a cause for everything, if we can find it. From some source this prairie state on the sunset side of the Mississippi received just the right initiative at just the right juncture. The times served the men, and the men met their opportunity. Such a field can never be again presented between these seas. What a bundle of his-

tory this Band binds up! The religious pioneers in Iowa were remarkable men. They were raised up by Providence for a definite and important and immortal purpose. They were decided factors in its achievement. "It is not too much to say," writes Dr. Dunning, in 1894, "that their combined influence has given character not only to the denomination in the state but to the state itself." Dr. Robbins acted as president of a board of college trustees for seventeen years. Dr. Lane, a good preacher, was by preeminent gifts also a teacher, and did not neglect his talent. The two survivors, Drs. Adams and Salter, "venerable men who have come down to us from a former generation," are both writers of history. The men of the Band made the impression of gentlemen. They were cultivated and mild and genial. They had nothing, not one of them, of that loudness which is sometimes associated with life on a western frontier. They were quiet in speech and demeanor. They were well born. They came out of the choicest families in the East. They shut behind them all doors opening either toward ease or a competency when they uncomplainingly began their work on a salary of \$400 a year.

In counting over the Iowa Band be careful, reader, not to omit to notice the part taken in their noble, self-denying work by the pioneer prairie women who, having been delicately reared and carefully educated in the East, accompanied their husbands of the Band to their outposts. Their names are all written in a

book of remembrance, which is the Book of Life. When thinking of home missions one must think, too, of the missionaries of the home. In the crude, early days these homes were representatives of all the amenities of life. In the family, no matter how frugal the meal, all waited until all were ready to approach the table. The Band stood for the home idea. Working with others, they sought by direct influence to induce the governor of the state to introduce into the far West the New England observance of Thanksgiving Day which became, in time, a Home Festival. Here is life on the frontier, but it never lost its dignity and refinement and delicacy. Let this be said to the praise of the moral priestesses as well as to the credit of college men. These are the forces that cast up a highway for our God through the wilderness. In the light of results we see their life only now on its sunny side, but the small economies of the home doubtless in earliest days sometimes suggested "the shady side." As the number of these men and women diminishes, our honor of them is carried up into veneration. The two men that are left are looking at life's work in the light of the setting sun. And have they not high honor? It is they who lose their life that find it. "It is probable that no equal number of young ministers, leaving a theological seminary together, ever founded so many churches in five or ten years after their graduation as these men" whose aggregated years of service have amounted now to over half a thousand.

They accomplished more than they could have done had they remained in the East or had they been more widely scattered. They did more than two or three times as many could now do in that or in any other state of the West. Such toils, sacrifices and heroisms as are here suggested have undoubtedly given to this noticeably well governed commonwealth her peculiar state pride which is equalled by but one, at the utmost by but two, other component parts of our Union.

If it is meet to lay the laurel upon the veteran's grave, should that of the old pioneer minister be forgotten? Was he not a patriot too? The statutes in Iowa provide that our country's flag shall float over her schoolhouses and that her children shall be taught to sing a state song set to a popular tune which is calculated to kindle their state patriotism.

“From yonder Mississippi's stream
To where Missouri's waters gleam.
O fair it is as poet's dream,—
Iowa, in Iowa.

“Go read the story of thy past.
Iowa, O Iowa,
What glorious deeds, what fame thou hast.
Iowa, O Iowa.”

“So long as time's great cycle runs,
Or nations weep their fallen ones,
Thou 'lt not forget thy patriot sons.
Iowa, O Iowa.”

Salem, Mass.

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THE IOWA BAND

CHAPTER I

GERM--THOUGHT

IT was a beautiful evening in the summer of 1842, when the students of Andover Seminary assembled in the chapel, to be led as usual in their evening devotions by one of the venerable professors of those days. Among them sat one, pale and emaciated by continued illness,—one of whom friends began to whisper, “Unless relieved soon, we fear he will never be well, even if he lives.” They might, perhaps, have spared a portion of their anxiety, had they known better the nature of his disease, it being what may be called the student’s enemy, dyspepsia, and that not of a chronic form.

Our friend was in the middle year; a year when theological subjects, the great doctrines of salvation, are studied; a year that has more influence, probably, in shaping the minister, than any other of his seminary course; a year in which, if ever, the student’s

heart kindles with desire to preach the great truths of the Bible to his fellow men. He had entered the chapel that evening under the combined influence of his studies and his disease. He longed for the time when he should be a preacher; but then, could he be one? Even the duties of the seminary were a burden almost too heavy to be borne. Could he, then, go forth to write two sermons a week, attend funerals, weddings, prepare lectures, perform pastoral labor, and all the *cetera* of a parish minister's life? Impossible! Sedentary habits had already induced a disease, which, if unchecked, would cripple his energies, while shortening his days. A minister's life was likely to aggravate rather than check it. What should he do? Must he abandon his long-cherished plan, or should he press on and give himself an early sacrifice to it?

Just then there came to his mind the thought that there was a field where the necessary labors of a minister would probably counteract, rather than foster, his disease; and that field the West. With this came a rush of other thoughts, of things that he had heard and read about the West. It would be self-denial to go; but then, in self-denial there would come strength of character, with the gain of a more conscious consecration to God. Then there was the probable influence of his going upon fellow students, friends, Christians and the Church, for to go West then was truly a missionary work. For the moment

he seemed to be there, preaching to the destitute and laying the foundations of society. Then came the thought, that, possibly, he might live, labor and die with the fruits of his toils about him,—himself enshrined in the hearts of a beloved people, sought out and adopted by him in his youth.

These thoughts, with others, passed before him with the swiftness of a vision. They had for a time the effects of a vision. All things else were shut out. The chapter, the hymn, the singing, were all unheard. In the general movement he rose for prayer, but not to join in the petitions offered. The spell was upon him, and he seemed to stand alone as before God,—his feelings, his petitions, all embodied in one sentiment, one feeling,—a position of soul in which his one desire was, “Lord, prepare me for whatever field thou hast before me. Prepare me for it, and make me willing to enter it.”

He went out that evening not as he came in. Henceforth the prayer was, “May I be found in the right place, doing the right work!” Here was the germ, the unfoldings of which, unto the fruit thereof, we are to trace.

CHAPTER II

A SUGGESTION

WHO that has passed a seminary life has forgotten the seminary tramp, which means a long walk of half a day or so, generally taken of a Saturday afternoon, when students, in little companies, are wont to extend their rambles far away from sight of seminary walls and sound of seminary bell? It was in the spring of 1843 that our dyspeptic friend, Daniel Lane, and two of his classmates were on such an excursion amid the hills and bracing air of the West Parish.

For two and a half years these classmates had been associated in sacred studies; and they were classmates indeed. Circumstances had conspired to bind them together with ties of more than usual strength. The time of their preparation for the great work in view was rapidly drawing to a close. And now, as was natural, the conversation turned upon the probable field of their labor. The New England parish, the foreign field, the home field, especially at the Far West,—each, in turn, was discussed. The feeling seemed rather to incline to the latter. The more they talked of it, the more they felt. And now Horace Hutchinson suggested:—

"If we and some others of our classmates could only go out together, and take possession of some field where we could have the ground and work together, what a grand thing it would be!" "So it would," was the reply. Then the advantages, the difficulties and the probable influence of such a movement, were the theme; until, ere they were aware of it, their feet were again climbing the old familiar hill. The declining sun hung low, and the bell, faithful to its duties, was hastening them to prayers. "We will think of this," said they. Thus the germ, ripening to a suggestion, had struck root in other minds, the growth of which we are still to follow.

But right here it should be told how God, as afterwards discovered, was leading other minds also. In one case, it was on this wise:—Notice had been given, about this time, that an elder of a church in Cincinnati would meet the students, to address them on the claims of the West. At the hour appointed, there were assembled both students and professors, but the elder came not. Yet a Western meeting was held.

Venerable Dr. Woods read a letter from a good deacon of a little church away out on the frontier, calling for young men to break to the people the bread of life.¹ The saintly Bela B. Edwards, who had just traveled West, and whose mind was quick to take in its destined progress, expressed his belief in

¹ Deacon Houston, of Denmark, Iowa.

the assertion, bold, startling, uncredited at the time, that "whoever would go West, in ten years would find himself better off than if he had stayed in New England, and, better than all, would have the satisfaction of laboring where he was more needed." Prof. Emerson, in his offhand way, declared that he had no sort of doubt that it was the duty of more than two-thirds of the students to seek fields of labor outside of New England. It was a stirring meeting. Many were glad the elder did not come.

The meeting was closed, and the students dispersed. To most, to all, perhaps, save one, Harvey Adams, it came and went like many another. There was before him a sleepless night. In his mind was at work another germ thought. "Out of New England, where he was more needed." And if out of New England, where more needed, why not where most needed? Strange was the power of that question as it took possession of him for that night and the next day, leading to much thought and prayer! Sometimes there can be no rest till things are settled, and settled in the way that seems right. So it was in this case, and our friend came manfully to the conclusion, "I am for the West, where needed, and where most needed."

Then there was another, Edwin B. Turner, a graduate of a Western college, whose friends were in the West. It was known to be settled in his mind, from the first, that he would go West somewhere. Just

how, by his presence and intercourse, germ-thoughts were started or fostered can never be known. Seldom can it be told in any movement, in which are the united efforts of human wills, just what the first influences were, or how they combined to produce the result. Here, preeminently, God works among men to will and to do. The movement here recorded we acknowledge as of him. Other germs of it doubtless there were in other minds, but each can give only what to him is known. This only can the writer do; and so we will follow on.

CHAPTER III

THE PRAYER--MEETING

HOW uppermost in our minds are thoughts, plans, projects, which we hold in common with others! How, by a new tie, are we bound to them, and they to us! And how natural now, if Christians all, and the plan be one of import, to carry it to God in united prayer! Our three friends of the former chapter, among whom the question of concerted action had been started, were more closely allied than ever as they together walked and talked of the Western scheme. By mutual consent, each, in a quiet way, suggested it to others. Whenever it took with especial favor, as being by God's preparing of course it would, there was one added to their number.

Soon the enterprise began to wear an important aspect, calling for the guidance of heavenly wisdom. So a prayer-meeting was proposed. All assented. But where should it be held? Not in a public room, for the movement was as yet kept secret. If, in the end, anything should come of it, there would be time enough yet, it was thought, to make it known; if not, it was better that it should always be a secret. Nor, again, could they meet in a private room, for, as yet,

no two of those interested happened to be roommates, in whose room they could privately assemble. Where, then, should they meet? One of their number, Daniel Lane, was assistant librarian; and the library was proposed. "Agreed," said they; and Tuesday evening, in the Seminary library, was fixed upon for the meeting. "But it will be dark," said one; "for the rules forbid lights in the library." "No matter," said another; "we can pray in the dark." So on Tuesday nights, in one corner of the library, they used to pray, to seek of God whither to go, where to labor. In one corner of the Seminary library! And what fitter place could have been chosen in which to go to the mercy-seat with such an errand, than this, where heralds of the cross in every clime once had trod; where were about them the works of the pious dead of every age; where, as the moonbeams played upon the portraits of men once eminent in the Church, the great cloud of witnesses seemed to compass them about?

There they prayed. Those first entering would find their way to the appointed corner, and begin. Others, coming in, would join them in turn. Occasionally, in the darkness, some new step would be heard; but whose it was would be unknown to most, till a new voice would be heard in prayer. First the prayers, then the conference, consultations as to motives, qualifications, encouragements and discouragements of the Western work, mainly what field, if

any, should be occupied. Should it be Ohio, Michigan? These, indeed, were west, but not really Western. Illinois, Wisconsin? These were farther west, indeed, but then partially, perhaps comparatively well, supplied.

"Well, then, Missouri," says one.

"But Missouri is a slave state."

"No matter; they need the gospel there if it is."

"Yes; but, if there are places outside of slavery just as needy, why not go where we can labor to the best advantage?"

"Well, Iowa, then,—what say you to the new Territory of Iowa?"

Not much could be said, for but little was known—only this: it was an open field, and of course there was need.

So there they prayed and consulted in that northwest corner of the library. Had it anything to do with the great Northwest soon to be? In God's nurture were the germs being developed, united, directed, whose fruitage was to be borne in regions yet to be peopled. But we will not anticipate save in this: that Tuesday night prayer-meeting on Andover Hill, transplanted, as it was soon to be, to the plains of Iowa,—may it long live! May it never cease to be held in sacred observance by the Congregational ministry of this fair State!?

² Note 1.

CHAPTER IV

THE BAND FORMED AND PLANS MATURED

AS yet, nothing was decided. All eyes, indeed, after reflection and prayer, were unanimously turned to the new Territory of Iowa as the field to be occupied if they should go. Some of the more ardent had opened a correspondence with the secretaries of the American Home Missionary Society; also with the Rev. Asa Turner, agent of that society and a resident pastor of the Territory. But no one was as yet committed to the enterprise. It was not certain yet that any one could go, and the weeks were flying swiftly. It was time, surely, for action, and thus it came:

"I am going to settle this question," said Daniel Lane, "so far as I am concerned. We have been thinking about it long enough to conclude one way or another."

That day he retired to his room for fasting and prayer. At evening, as he came out at the setting of the sun to walk with a friend, he was ready to say, "Well, I am going to Iowa: whether any one else goes or not, I am going."

"And I think I will go with you," was the reply.

So a nucleus was formed, and around it gathered others one by one,—some at once deciding, others after more thought, or seasons of private fasting and prayer, till soon the number stood, as decided to go, at twelve. Their names were as follows:—

Daniel Lane, Harvey Adams, Erastus Ripley, Horace Hutchinson, Alden B. Robbins, William Salter, Edwin B. Turner, Benjamin A. Spaulding, William Hammond, James J. Hill, Ebenezer Alden, Jr., Ephraim Adams. This was the Iowa Band. Though seeking labor in a wild country these pioneers were not uneducated men, but were thoroughbred collegians, as the following data will show. Their college spirit led to the establishment of a high grade institution in their new field.

Erastus Ripley was of Union College, New York; William Salter came from New York University; Horace Hutchinson, Ebenezer Alden and Alden Bur-rill Robbins went through Amherst; Daniel Lane and James Jeremiah Hill were of Bowdoin; Benjamin Adams Spaulding graduated from Harvard; Ephraim Adams from Dartmouth and Edwin Bela Turner from Illinois College.

There was no longer need of secrecy. Open steps could be taken to mature plans. The Mission Rooms were filled with gladness at the prospect of such a re-enforcement for the home missionary work. The senior secretary, the Rev. Milton Badger, D.D., came from New York to hold a personal interview with the

Band; commissions were promised for their chosen field, and all things favored the enterprise. But the far-off brethren then laboring in the proposed field rejoiced with trembling. Oft had they looked for promised help, but looked in vain. Those who had started with commissions in hand for the distant Territory had all lodged by the way hitherto; none had reached them; why should these?

"It's no use," said Rev. Asa Turner of Denmark, the Western pastor who had been written to upon the subject, and who had set himself to the formidable task of replying to the long list of queries sent him about the climate, the ague, the fever, the food, clothing, etc.—"it's no use to answer any more of your questions; for I never expect to see one of you west of the Mississippi River as long as I live."

He was assured, in reply, of earnestness in the matter, but still he was incredulous. Again he was told, that, God willing, he would surely be visited by a dozen or so, and compelled to believe.

"Well, then," said he, "come on; come all of you directly to my house; come here to us, and we then can help you to your respective fields of labor." This seemed reasonable; so Denmark, Lee County, Iowa, became a locality in the mind of each, as yet to be seen. It seemed best also, unless, in individual cases, there should be special reasons to the contrary, that the ordination of the young men should

take place on the field where their life-work was to be.

Such a home missionary movement in one class was thought worthy of some public recognition. Accordingly, a meeting was held on Sabbath evening, Sept. 3, 1843, in the South Church at Andover. A sermon was preached by the Rev. Leonard Bacon, D. D., and an appropriate address made to the Band by Dr. Badger of the Home Missionary Society.

"You go," said he, "where you will find a soil of surpassing richness, all covered with beautiful flowers. But remember that the soil is yet in its natural state, and must be all turned up. Those flowers, though beautiful to the eye, are but flowers of weeds, wild and useless. They must be rooted out, and better seed cast in their place."

This meeting was large; and the exercises throughout were appropriate, interesting and solemn. It was now near the close of the term. The Anniversary Day soon came, and was gone. The time had been improved. Already had the boxes been made, and the books packed, soon to be shipped, labelled "Burlington, Iowa, *via* New Orleans."

A few weeks now with home friends, after which must be fixed the time and place of departure. Boston will not do as a starting-point, as some reside west of this, and so on the way. Some place must

be chosen west of all. So each has it in his memorandum, "Albany, New York, at the Delavan House,³ on Tuesday, 3d of October, the next morning to take the cars westward."

Where through broad lands of green and gold
The Western rivers roll their waves,
Before another year is told,
We find our homes; perhaps, our graves.⁴

J. H. Bancroft.

³ Chosen because a temperance hotel.

⁴ From hymn written for the class of 1843, and sung at their graduation.

CHAPTER V

THE JOURNEY

ON Wednesday, Oct. 4, 1843, the journey westward began. Most of the Band were at the appointed place, but not all. One, Mr. Erastus Ripley, had been invited to spend another year at the seminary as resident licentiate. Another, Mr. J. J. Hill, since the parting at Andover, had lost a father by death, and would be detained until spring. A third, Mr. W. B. Hammond, did not come, through fear of a Western climate, and Mr. Horace Hutchinson was detained a day by the death of a friend, but would probably overtake the company by night travel. And yet their number was nearly complete by the appearance of two as twain. Mr. Daniel Lane and Mr. A. B. Robbins, with characteristic foresight, had taken to themselves wives in view of losses from our original number that might possibly occur.

We will not follow the journey in detail. A few points only will be noticed in passing, such as, after the lapse of years, shine out brightest on memory's page. Twenty-five years ago, a journey from the Atlantic to the Mississippi was long and tedious. A week then would scarcely suffice for what can now

be accomplished in a day. As practically performed by the Band, it was divided into three parts—the railroad, the lakes, and the prairies. The first was soon over, and soon forgotten, bringing them on their way to Buffalo, then the terminus of travel westward by cars. Here their reception and stay for a while were most pleasant. There was then living in that city, as pastor of one of the churches, that most fervent and earnest Christian man, Dr. Asa T. Hopkins. He died Nov. 28, 1847. Though a stranger to all, he gave them a brother's welcome, and commended them to the hospitalities of his people. What kind Christian families they found! Surely this cannot be the West, thought they; not far enough yet for missionary ground.

On Saturday they took a trip to Niagara, to gaze upon the Falls, that wondrous work of God, returning at night to Buffalo to spend the Sabbath with their kind friends. It was a bright, pleasant day, and their hearts were joyous within them.

The following clipping from a Buffalo paper will reveal how the day was spent:

Rev. Messrs. Ephraim Adams, of New Ipswich, N. H., Harvey Adams, Franklin City, Ct., Ebenezer Alden, Randolph, Mass., Horace Hutchinson, Sutton, Mass., Daniel Lane, Freeport, Me., Alden B. Robbins, Salem, Mass., William Salter, New York City, N. Y., Benjamin A. Spaulding, Bedford, Mass., and Edwin B. Turner, Monticello, Ill., met in this city.

on Saturday last, by agreement, on their way to the Territory of Iowa, and remained over Sabbath. The most of them attended divine service at the First Presbyterian Church, where, opportunely, they were permitted to partake of the communion, before their departure for the West. In the evening of that day, by appointment, these gentlemen attended a general meeting, in the First Church, at which Messrs. Salter, Robbins, E. Adams, Sutton and Lane, spoke to a large audience, in the most interesting manner, in regard to the enterprise upon which they have entered. It appears that some time in February last, two or three young men in Andover Theological Seminary, in casting about for the field of their future labors as clergymen, hit upon a plan of going to Iowa, and laboring there. They communicated this plan to others, who joined them; and finally to the Home Missionary Society, where it was favorably received, and these young men with two others, Rev. Messrs. James J. Hill, of Phippsburg, Me., and Wm. B. Hammond, of Fair Haven, Mass., (who are detained by sickness) eleven in all, made arrangements with that society to go to Iowa, and devote themselves as missionaries to that young and rapidly growing territory. We are glad to see Protestant New England alive to the necessity of scattering religious and scientific light and knowledge in the valley of the Mississippi. For, in the forcible language of Professor Post, of Jacksonville, (Ill.) who also attended and addressed the meeting above named, "A plea for the West is a plea for the East. If the West sins, the East will sin with her. If the West falls, she will drag down the East with her. The chain of great lakes on the north, and the Mississippi and her arms on the west, whose navigable waters would, in a

straight line, surround the globe, bind the East and the West so indissolubly together, that the fate of the one must be the fate of the other."

These missionaries, together with Professor Post, and four other missionaries, bound to Michigan and Wisconsin, who providentially met the Iowa Band here, left last evening in the *Missouri* for their several destinations. May they have a safe and pleasant passage, and be successful in their undertaking! We cannot refrain from saying that we have seldom seen so many men banded together in an enterprise, who seemed to possess such sterling good sense, and humble, quiet characters, coupled with firmness and decision, as did these young men.

On Monday morning all felt as though they had enjoyed the acquaintance of weeks, and were almost sad at parting. But the parting came. In the evening of that day, Oct. 9, they went on board the steamer "*Missouri*," bound for Chicago. The good pastor, and other Christian friends, accompanied them on board to bid them Godspeed, and say adieu. A hymn was sung, and a prayer offered. Beautiful in the bloom of youth, and with sweetest voice in that evening's song, was the sister of the pastor's wife, who stood among them there; but the sad news came a few months afterwards, that the rose was fading upon her cheek, and soon again that she was dead. By her side stood Miss Jane Brush, who became the wife of Edwin B. Turner, a little older in years, but her companion in the family, bidding with others

a last farewell, yet destined of God soon to be a sharer in the fortunes of those to whom she was saying adieu. The last bell rings, and the planks are ready to be drawn in. Already is the hoarse breath of the steamer heard as her whole frame quivers at the life-beats of her engine, and she swings slowly round from the pier, and takes her course.

"Adieu, adieu!" and so is the second portion of the journey begun. The wide, wide Lakes were entered, —all strange, all new, and yet soon how dull! It was, indeed, with some interest that they touched at Erie, Cleveland and Detroit. The morning at Mackinaw was bright and calm, and the hour pleasant, in which they were permitted, in the bracing air, to scale the heights on shore, or watch the trout in the clear waters of the upper lakes. But, on the whole, head winds and a rough sea without, and seasickness and monotony on board, made it anything but a pleasant passage.

Late on Saturday night, in stormy weather, they had only reached Milwaukee. There most of them left the boat to tarry for the Sabbath. A few, either too sick to leave their berths, or for some other special reason, remained on board to arrive at Chicago in the morning. Those tarrying for the Sabbath had a quiet, pleasant day, and on Monday found a boat to take them on their way to join those who had gone before them. And so the Lakes were passed.⁵

⁵ Note 2.

One more experience now,—the prairies, the great wide prairies of Illinois,—and the journey will be complete. Almost two weeks had already been consumed. Another would bring the end.

It was in the fall of the year, just after harvest-time, and from all parts of Illinois, even farther west than the interior of the state, farmers were coming to find a market for their wheat in the then great city of Chicago, of eight thousand people. On their return home, these farmers were glad to find some traveler, some freight, or anything else, to take with them, that might help to bear the expense of their long journey to market. In this way, it was thought, private conveyance could be found more comfortable and pleasant than by stage. So all were busy. Bargains must be made; canvas coverings for the wagons, provisions and general supplies must be secured in true emigrant style, for hotels were far apart, and the belated traveler was often obliged to spend the night on the prairie.

Denmark, Lee County, Iowa, was now the terminus looked for, but was to be reached by different routes. One party, the brethren with wives, in company with Rev. A. B. Hitchcock with his wife, at that time missionary at Davenport, were to strike across for Davenport on the Mississippi, then go by boat to Burlington, and thence to Denmark. The others were to take a more southerly course, direct to Burlington, and so to Denmark.

Now began Western life;—and, for a while, it was well enjoyed. Now in a slough in the bottom-lands of some sluggish stream, and now high up on the rolling prairie: what a vast extent of land meets the eye,—land in every direction, with scarce a shrub or a tree to be seen! How like a black ribbon upon a carpet of green stretches away in the distance before them the road they are to travel! And occasionally some far-off cloth-covered wagon like their own is descried, like a vessel at sea, rightly named a “prairie schooner.” In the settled portions, what farms! what fences! how unlike their Eastern homes! No stones, no barns, children and pigs running together. Then what places in which to sleep! and what breakfasts! If, after a morning ride, they made a lucky stop, such honey! such milk! such butter and eggs! and all so cheap,—twelve and a half cents a meal!

Day by day they traveled on, gazing, wondering, remarking and being remarked upon. Some thought them “land-sharks,” some Mormons. But even this became at last wearisome and monotonous. On Saturday afternoon, the southern party, worn with travel, halted at Galesburg for another Sabbath’s rest.

Monday morning found them early on their way, refreshed, and eager for the end. “To-day,” thought they, “the setting sun is to look with us upon the great Mississippi;” and so it proved. For an hour or

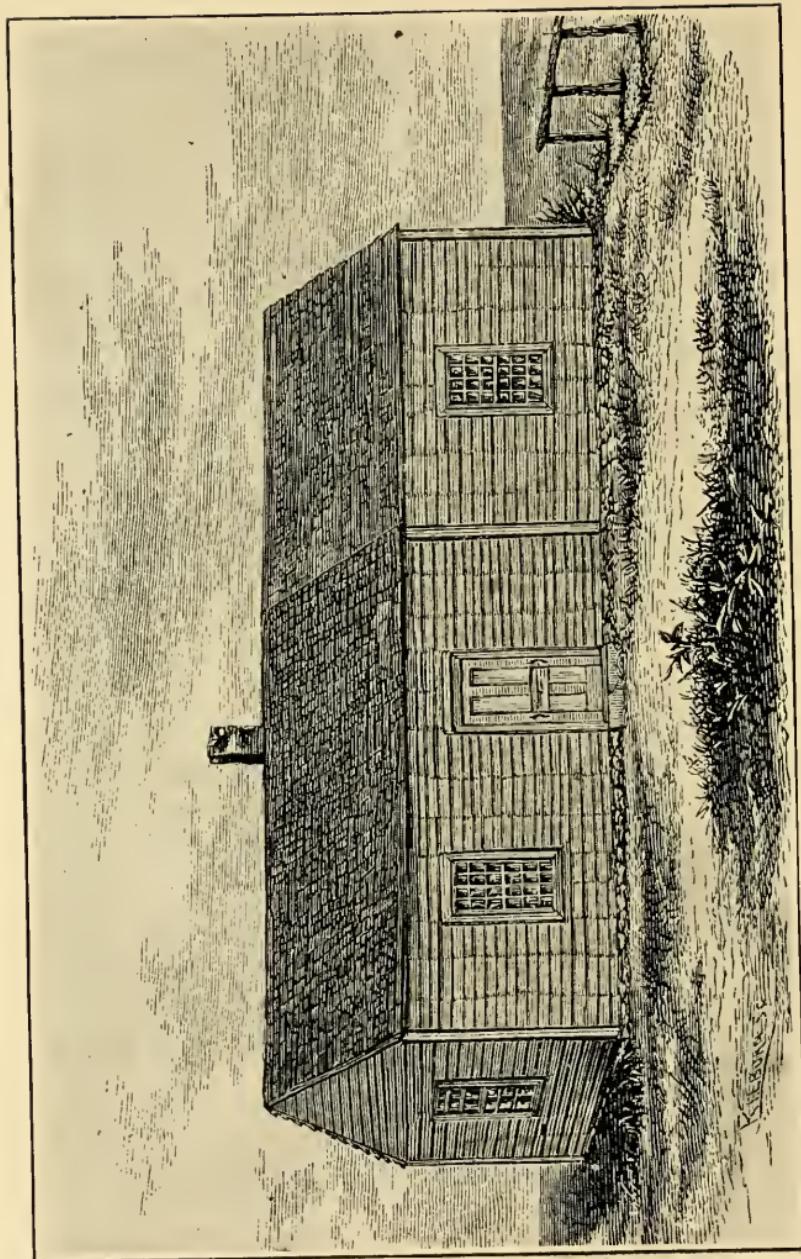
so, near the close of the day, they had been winding and jolting through timbered bottom-lands among huge trees, grand in their silence, gazing the while earnestly forward, till at last it was seen,—the smooth, broad bosom of the great river, with the last silvery rays of the setting sun playing upon it.

"Three cheers," cried they, "for the Mississippi!" Their hearty cheers rang out upon the forest; and, in a few moments more, they were on the river's bank. But the ferry-boat had just made its last trip for the day; and, though they hallooed for help, no one responded to the call. The twilight deepened. It was soon dark, save as the stars and the moonbeams sparkled and danced upon the waters. The hallooing had ceased as useless, and things looked desperate; but the dip of a paddle was heard, and a canoe soon came in sight. It was a chance to cross the river,—twenty-five cents apiece, and a bark of limited accommodations. Brothers Salter and Turner declared they would rather stay by the stuff all night. The others paid the price, and stepped in. It was a heavy load for a light canoe, and all must remain motionless. So, in stillness and silence, with God's stars looking down upon them, they were paddled across to Iowa's shore.

Now in Iowa, at Burlington! Kind friends, even here, were awaiting their arrival; and, as the news spread, they were soon constrained to turn from tavern fare to Christian homes. The watchers by the

stuff came over in the morning; and before another night they had traveled fifteen miles on Iowa soil to Denmark. They had seen the Western pastor in his home, and he had scattered them for hospitality among the members of his flock.⁶ The northern party soon came in safety. All were to rest a while, and then scatter.

⁶ See note 3.



CHURCH OF ORDINATION AND DENMARK ACADEMY, 1843

CHAPTER VI

ORDINATION AND DISPERSION

ON Sabbath morning, Nov. 5, 1843, the usually quiet town of Denmark was all astir. A great event was to occur. Every child had heard that nine young ministers, fresh from the East, had come to preach in the Territory. In anticipation of the event, Rev. Asa Turner and Rev. Reuben Gaylord had taken a long tour to spy out the land, and decide upon the places to be occupied; and on that Sabbath seven of these young ministers were to be ordained. Denmark then consisted of a few scattered farmhouses of New-England-like appearance; and convenient thereto stood a low, broken-backed, elongated building, compelled as yet to the double service of school and meeting-house.

This, at the appointed hour, was the center of attraction. The council had previously been organized, and the candidates examined. The members of the Band then ordained were Edwin B. Turner, William Salter, Ebenezer Alden, Jr., Horace Hutchinson, Ephraim Adams, Daniel Lane and Benjamin A. Spaulding. With them were ordained W. A. Thompson, who came to the Territory about the same time,

and D. Granger, who was already here as a licentiate. The exercises were: sermon by the Rev. J. A. Reed, from Acts 20: 28 (the subject was, "Prerequisites to Success in the Gospel Ministry"); ordaining prayer by the Rev. Asa Turner; charge by the Rev. C. Burnham; right hand of fellowship by the Rev. Reuben Gaylord.

The house, of course, was crowded, and the occasion one of great interest. To the few brethren already in the field, it was a day of rejoicing. Said Brother Gaylord, "Such a day I had never seen before; such a day I had never expected to see in my lifetime. The most I could do, when alone, was to weep tears of joy, and return thanks to God."

This was an interesting and solemn occasion; but there had been, a day or two previous, in the pastor's study, a meeting of still greater interest to the young ministers. It was a meeting in which they were to decide among themselves in what particular place the scene of the future labors of each should be. In former times, and far away, they had often met for prayer, often asked God to guide them in their way. He had guided them; had turned their hearts to Iowa, and brought them thither; and now, with ordination vows soon to be taken, they had met to decide where, in the wide field around them, each should labor. It was a solemn meeting, a delicate business, a time when self must be laid aside, and each must be willing to be anything, to go anywhere. A prayer

was offered that the Spirit of God might be upon them, and with them. Then Fathers Turner and Gaylord, who had explored the field, came in, and, map in hand, described their tour, and the places visited, and retired.

Now, by free suggestion and mutual consent, the assignment began. Brother Hutchinson, for peculiar reasons, as was well known, was inclined to Burlington, and Harvey Adams to Farmington. None were disposed to object; and so their destination was fixed. "Those having wives," it was said, "ought to be provided for in places as comfortable as any in the Territory." A minister-seeking man from Keosauqua had claimed Brother Lane as the one of his choice. His promises were fair, and he was gratified. Bloomington, since called Muscatine, then "a smart town" of four hundred inhabitants, on the Mississippi, seemed a good place for one with a family; and so this, by common consent, was ceded to Brother Robbins: and thus the wives were provided for.

Away out in the new purchase, in the region of the old Indian Agency, new fields were opening, calling mostly for itinerant labor for the present, and endurance of frontier hardships as a good soldier. Brother Spaulding would as soon take this position as any other; and thither was his face turned. Some must go up into the northern counties of Jackson and Jones. This was far distant, to be sure, and the region not thickly settled: but then, the more northern

the location, the more Eastern the people; and that part of the state would some time be filled up. Brothers Salter and Turner, the David and Jonathan of the company, rather liked the idea of exploring this portion of the field together, and deciding for themselves where to locate. This they did, eventually finding themselves,—the former at Maquoketa, and the latter at Cascade. The two places yet remaining, which then seemed the most important, were Solon and Mt. Pleasant: for these there were two brethren, Ebenezer Alden and Ephraim Adams, who said they would settle the matter by themselves; which they did by referring it that evening to Father Turner. He assigned Mr. Alden to Solon, and Mr. Adams to Mt. Pleasant.

So the work was done with perfect harmony and good will,—quickly done, without an unpleasant word or a jealous thought; and every one was satisfied. Considering the nature of the meeting and the issue thereof, let God be praised!

On Sabbath night, Nov. 5, 1843, as each retired to rest after having been ordained to his work, he had his particular field in view. On Monday morning all was bustle, preparatory to their departure. Occasionally, as they met in passing to and fro, there was the grasp of the hand, the hearty "Good-bye!" and "The Lord bless you!" "Let us remember Tuesday night," was the parting suggestion. The meeting alluded to in the pastor's study was the last ever held

by the Band at which all the members were together.⁷ Such a meeting on earth where all were present, there now can never be.

⁷ Note No. 4 and Appendix I.

CHAPTER VII

GETTING TO WORK AND COALESCING

INTIMATELY connected, yet widely different, are theory and practice. The theory we spin out in thought, speech and books; the practice we find amid the vital forces, the living issues and interests of actual life. Right here it is that our previous instructions sometimes appear almost useless, our notions visionary, and our plans futile. For success in any calling or profession, more is to be learned than can be learned prior to entering upon it.

Of no profession, perhaps, is this more true than of the ministerial. Against the usual preparatory course through ten years of study, in academy, college and seminary, not a word is to be said: it is by no means useless. In many respects, and in most cases, it is essential; but it alone can never qualify one for the ministerial work. This is never found to be precisely what it seems in books. It includes many an experience and emergency for which the previous training has given no real preparation; while much of the so-called preparation that has been made, however cherished and relied upon, will be found like the armor of Saul on the youthful David, and can only be put aside as cumbersome and useless.

Often the young minister finds himself coming awkwardly into his calling, because he seeks to carry into it the full panoply of the schools, or of favorite theological giants, instead of going to his work simply in the name of the Lord. The process of getting to work so as to work successfully, in which every one has so much to learn that has not been taught him by books and teachers, is always more or less a process of disappointments and failures. A modification of previous views and plans becomes necessary. There are frequent calls for self-adjustments and adaptations, to meet unthought-of exigencies; so that the man often, in the course of a few years, comes out far different in many respects from what he had proposed. So it proved in the case of the classmates, who, in a few short days, were taken from the quiet scenes of student life at Andover, and set down—one here, and another there—as home missionaries in Iowa.

One, from the representations then frequent respecting the moral wants of the West, had pictured to himself a country destitute of preachers, and a people, with the recollections of Christian homes fresh in their memories, all eager to hear the gospel. He had fancied, that, when once among them, the simple announcement that he came as a minister would be enough immediately to draw about him those famishing for the bread of life. "Oh, what a joy," thought he, "to be a home missionary!"

Imagine the change in his views as he found, in the place to which he was assigned, the great majority of the people not only just as indifferent as elsewhere, but, owing to the sharp, worldly features of a stirring Western town,⁸ even more so. The few that had any interest at all in religious things were cut up into cliques and denominations of all sorts, some of which he had never heard of before; and, to meet their wants, there was a minister or preacher of some kind at every corner of the streets, making it, as the Sabbath came, not only difficult to find a place or an hour in which to preach, but more difficult still to secure any thing like a stated congregation from Sabbath to Sabbath. Here was actual experience as against the theory of home-missionary life.

In his mind, another one of this untried Band had planned on this wise: "I am going to Iowa; and, when I get there, I am going to have my study and library. Then I am going to write two sermons a week; and, when the Sabbath comes, I am going to preach them, and the people, if they want the gospel, must come to hear." Well, he came to Iowa to find his home, for the time being, in the house of kind Christian people, in which the one room must answer all the needs of the family, with those of the new minister superadded. The familiar quilt of those days partitioned off one corner for his bedroom and study; and his study-chair was a saddle. As for written sermons,

⁸ Mount Pleasant.

they were, of course, few; and if any one was compelled to go about in search of the people, instead of being sought by them, it was William Salter.

A third, Alden B. Robbins, fancied that he would have three or four preaching-places far enough apart to enable him to preach on the same subjects in each place. So he was calculating on time and opportunity to work up extempore sermons of great power on important subjects. He found himself, and for years has stood, where, with some of the same hearers from Sabbath to Sabbath, the constant demand was for two written sermons to be prepared each week, and, at the same time, cut off from the usual relief of ministerial exchange and of annual vacations.

Twenty-five years ago (1843), Nauvoo, the city of the Mormons, was in its glory. Dr. Lyman Beecher had sounded, through the East, alarms of Catholicism in the West. These two opposing forces, it was supposed, would at once confront any Christian laborer going West, and meet him at every turn. So McGavin's "Protestantism," a huge work, was procured and studied, the Mormon Bible perused, and in other directions special preparations made to meet them, for must not the workman go forth prepared for his work?

In fact, however, the most of our young missionaries for years never saw a Mormon; and, as for Catholicism, this was by no means the only hostile *ism* in the land. They found a people starting homes, in-

stitutions, usages, laws, customs, in a new territory; gathered from all parts of the country and the world; coming together with differing tastes, prejudices, ideas and plans; and representing all shades of belief and disbelief. Every phase of error, that any age or country had ever seen, was here cropping out. They soon found that they were where, if their lives were to be of use, if they were not to be swallowed up by the forces around them, they must be positive and earnest. They must set forth the best platform under God they could, and, as earnest men, set about building thereon. What that platform was to be, and what the work to be done upon it, was not so much of a question as how to do it; what to unlearn, and what to learn; how to be adapted to circumstances; when to take on new methods and ways, and when to cling to the old; and how, especially, to mingle among the people, not only as among but of them, so as, by identity of feeling and interest, to gain their confidence and affection, and so an open ear, and by God's grace, an open heart.

After the ordination and dispersion came this process of getting to work, each in his own field, and coalescing.—this process, we will not say, of turning from the Eastern to the Western man, but rather of growing from the Eastern into the Western, in which somewhat of over-niceties and the restraints of etiquette and form are laid aside.

"How do you like the new minister?" was asked

of a resident in a county where Brother Ebenezer Alden was thus getting to work. "Oh, we all believe in him," was the reply; showing how Eastern habits and culture were no barrier, as they sometimes are, to access to the hearts of the hardy pioneers. In this process of getting to work, in the course of a year or two things were fully settled.

First, what, ecclesiastically, the platform of the missionaries was to be. This in the case of each was Congregational. With a number, when they came to the Territory, the matter of church polity was an open question. Decided instructions in the Seminary had not been given. There had been no conference respecting it, one with the other, by which any conclusion or agreement had been reached as to whether they should be Congregationalists or Presbyterians. The feeling was, that, very likely, some would be one, and some the other. Nor, after they came, were any pains taken by the Congregational brethren on the ground to influence them in this matter. But in the providence of God, by the fitness of things soon perceived, with one consent they thought best to build upon what, with a single exception, had been the foundation of their fathers. In after years they thanked God that it was so.⁹

Secondly, they had in affection, feelings, interests and aims, coalesced with the brethren who preceded them. These were few: not so many by half as those

⁹ Note 5.

who reenforced them. Coming in such comparative numbers as classmates in the same seminary, as did the Iowa Band, and at so early a period in the history of the state, it would not have been strange, if, in the minds of the brethren already here, there had been the suggestion at least, if not the fear, that the newcomers would be clannish in their feeling, banded together, and standing apart from others; not only disposed to set aside those who were here before, but dictatorial and assuming over those who should come after them. If any such suggestion or fear there was, one year was sufficient to dispel it.¹⁰

With open hands and warm hearts were they received; and the common interests and experiences of home-missionary life soon bound all together as one. As they coalesced with those who had preceded them, so have others coming later, till the Iowa ministry of the Congregational churches has become a band indeed; and though that part of it known as the Iowa Band has thus far been made prominent in this home-missionary record, and, in the circumstances, may properly, perhaps, occasionally be so made in what follows, yet be it understood, that, as to work accomplished and results reached, honor is due, under God, not to them alone, but to all who have labored with them,—to those who have come in at a later period as well as to those who were here before them.

¹⁰ Note No. 6.

CHAPTER VIII

A DIARY¹¹

STILL further to illustrate, and as affording, to some extent, a little more of an inside view of this process of getting to work, we give in this chapter a brief diary. It contains the observations of one, who, in that first year, was called to visit the most of his brother ministers at their homes. The tour begins upon the banks of the Des Moines at Keosauqua.

July 16, 1844. — Here are Brother Lane and wife in their little home with two rooms. They have a chair or two now, and a table; but they say they set up housekeeping without either, using, instead, old boxes. They have a church of a few members, a village of promise, and the people are kind. On the whole, they are in good spirits and hopeful. The church is organized as Presbyterian; but its members are not all of that way of thinking. Brother Lane is coming to be very decided that Congregationalism is the true Bible way; is really quite conscientious about it. A majority are with him in opinion. How things will turn out, I can't tell.

July 18. — At Mount Pleasant to-night. Found

¹¹ Note 7.

Brother Ephraim Adams well. He has a study at a tavern, and "boards round," like a schoolmaster. No church organized, or next to none. He groans over sects and divisions, and hopes somehow to get some of them together. Says he sometimes thinks there are more ministers West than East. One can do nothing in this place till he takes his stand, and goes to work. It is not so much destitution as it is indisposition, selfishness and self-seeking of the human heart here as everywhere.

July 19.—Came up to Brighton. This is a farming settlement, a number of intelligent, pious families. Brother Burnham is the minister here; used to know him in college. He has a house: it is unpainted, no carpets in it, a poor fence around it, wood pile near, and pigs loose. Does n't look much like a New England parsonage. I wonder if this is n't the way for a minister to do,— to get a home, and grow up with the people. Farmers are the basis of everything; and he has a good field.

Monday, July 22.—This (Iowa City) is the state capital, the great city of Iowa, of which everybody has heard, of four hundred inhabitants. It has a pleasant location, however, and plenty of room. Went into the state library; while looking about, met an old gentleman, who proved to be Governor Lucas, the ex-governor of the territory. He was affable, and interested to show me about the city; took me down half a mile or so to see some mineral springs. I felt a

little awkward to have such attention paid me by so old a man. Spent the Sabbath here with the Rev. W. W. Woods, M.D., of the New School Presbyterian church, and preached for him. There is an Old School church here also, but no Congregational. Neither of the churches having any meeting-house, they hold meetings in the State House,—one in the Representatives', the other in Senators' Hall. These two halls are opposite each other; so that, as the doors were open while the people were collecting, when we took our seats in the desk we could look across through the opposite hall and see the Old School minister in his desk at the other end of the building. "Now," whispered the doctor, "now the watchmen see eye to eye." Didn't think 't was just the place for such a pun,—so sadly false, too! Long time, I fear, it will be before the Old School friends will see eye to eye with the New School brethren, or us either; for they look upon us with suspicion, say we are unsound, and won't even exchange with us. Oh, what a pity that all these little places should be so cut up! Glad we have n't any church here.

July 23.—This day's ride on my faithful pony, for I've forgotten to say that I now own one—price forty-five dollars—has brought me to Tipton, county-seat of Cedar County. Here found Brother Alden. He has a study, a little ground room right on the street, in a "lean-to" of a store, over which lives the family. Horses stand around, these

hot days, kicking the flies; and when he is out the pigs run in, unless he is careful to shut the door. Poor place, I should think, for writing sermons. Partition so thin that all the store talk, especially when the doors are open, is plainly heard.

It being Tuesday evening, we of course wished to remember the Tuesday evening prayer-meeting, but wanted a more private place for it: so went out in search of one. Came to a two-story log building used for a jail, which happened to be empty, with the doors open. Went up by an outside stairway to the upper room, and there, with the moon sailing over the prairies, had our meeting; prayed for each other, for the brethren, for Iowa, for home. Not exactly like the old Andover meetings in the library, but something like them. Coming down again to the ground, Brother Alden looked up in his queer way: "There," said he, "I guess that's the first time that old building ever had a prayer in it." Just as cheerful and funny as ever; but he is doing a good work here, and getting hold of the hearts of everybody. Indeed, he is becoming quite a bishop of the county. "The first time there was ever a prayer in it!" I wonder in how many places and ways we shall do the first things for Christ in this new country!

July 24.—Am here in DeWitt, a little place with a few buildings on a big prairie. But how I got here, which way I traveled, I can't tell. I only know that in the morning I gave myself up to the pilotage of the

mail-carrier. Soon after starting, he turned his horse off the road into the prairie, and I followed. Since then my head has been in a kind of a whirl, the points of the compass lost; and I can only think of prairie-grass, bottom-lands, sloughs, a river forded, a cabin or two by the way, and little groves here and there, all jumbled up together. But I am here! Looking at the map, I reason myself into the belief that I have really traveled from Tipton to DeWitt. Here is where Brother Emerson lives, a man whom I have long wished to see. It was his account, in "*The Home Missionary*," of the manner in which a gang of horse-thieves was broken up at Bellvue, that turned my attention to Iowa. Somehow I then felt that there was work to be done in such a country, and that I would like to labor near such a man; and here I am at his home. He is a whole-souled, earnest brother, and takes you right in. No danger, I guess, that we and those who were on the ground before us will not feel as one.

One good thing about this trip is to get acquainted with the older brethren, to see the different fields, to know what the land is. Brother Emerson says he located here because it was so central. If this is a center, there is no trouble in finding a similar one on any of these big prairies.

July 26. — Came up to-day to Maquoketa, where I expected to find Brother Salter. Learning that he was absent, having gone north, came on up through

Andrew, a little stumpy town in the woods, to this place, Cottonville, the home of Deacon Cotton. So I am the guest, to-night, of one of the direct descendants of old John Cotton of Puritan memory, in this far-off Iowa; and a nice old man he is. Before leaving the East, an old Christian lady, a mother in Israel, learning I was going to Iowa, came, saying that she had a son-in-law in Iowa for whom she felt greatly concerned, and gave me his address, with the injunction, if I ever went near him, to go and see him, and do him all the good I could. I took the address, never expecting really to go near him, but find that to-day I have passed right by his door. Sorry I had not kept it more in my mind. This impresses me more than ever with one feature of the mission work; it is, to do here, among the scattered people, what the Eastern fathers and mothers, brothers and sisters, are contributing, longing and praying to have done. I must be more careful.

Deacon Cotton says Brother Salter has taken a trip up into Wisconsin, about Potosi; that he is inclined to think he will not stay in this field long. Hope he won't leave Iowa: I'll find him if I can.

July 27. — Am up now as far as Dubuque. Here is where really the first white man crossed the river to dwell. He had a grant from government to trade in this mining region with the Indians. The place takes his name; and the whole region is honeycombed with the miners' diggings. Great fortunes have been

made; but many a splendid prospect fails. So it is in all things else. Some say that if all the labor expended in digging for lead had been expended upon the surface of the ground, about six inches deep, the people generally would be better off. However this may be, a "right smart town" of a few hundred people is here. Brother Holbrook preaches here, and has, I am told, great influence. He is away now at the East to get funds towards repairing the church. It needs it; for it is a stone building with bare, unplastered walls inside. Yet it is the only house of worship built expressly for this object that we have in the Territory. By urgent solicitation of the brethren, am to spend the Sabbath here.

July 31. — Up, up, still farther north, here at Jacksonville (now Garnavillo), the county-seat of Clayton County. I have now traversed northward, on my horseback trip, about two hundred and fifty miles. Since leaving Dubuque I have been so tossed about that I could not use my diary: so I must write up a little.

Started on Monday morning in search of Brother Salter. Came up to Potosi Landing. There crossing the river, soon got on his track, and after inquiring for him from house to house, found him at last, doing good mission work among the people. It was truly a surprise-meeting. Glad to learn that he was true to Iowa, and was to return soon to his field. Stayed with him that night in a neat log cabin of some young mar-

ried people, who said they were from Maine. Might have known they were from Yankee-land, if they hadn't told us, by the morning-glories around the door and the general air of things in and around the cabin. There will be a good house there some time, and a Christian home, too, I trust.

Next day, about noon, crossed back again into this best part of the world, on the flatboat ferry at Cassville Landing, at the mouth of the Turkey River. That afternoon had quite a time. I was on the south side of the river, and the first ford was ten miles up stream, the track leading for the most part through a hilly forest. From recent rains, the river was much swollen, making, by backwater, every stream putting into it impassable at the mouth: so my work that afternoon was principally heading those streams. It was in one of these, as I urged my horse down a steep bank into deeper water than I supposed, that I was thrown full length, when saddle-bags, sermons and papers went floating. Fortunately I gathered them all up, and came on. Reached the ferry near night, where the ferryman swam my horse for me, and took me over in a canoe. I was then twelve miles from this place, and started on with quickened speed. Just as it was getting dark, as I was querying whether or no I could keep the road, my horse turned into a by-path, and shot around a clump of bushes with a will. Thinking he must have some intent in this, I gave him the rein. In about five minutes he took me

up to a fence and a light. There I stopped for the night.

It was the cabin of an old sea-captain, Captain Reed. His wife, for years a praying Christian woman, in poor health, and somewhat deaf, was once a member of Father Kent's church in Galena, Illinois, but now is living away alone, as a sheep in the wilderness. On learning I was a minister, she was greatly rejoiced. We talked: she told me much of her history and experience; we read the Bible; we prayed. I stopped that night in the house of the Lord. In the morning she thanked me over and over for the good she received; but I felt, and feel now, that she did me far more good than I did her. Experience, with the chastenings of the Lord, confers that which seminaries and colleges can never give. We come out here to preach; but there are those who preach to us more effectively than we to them.

That day I came to this place. Here are Brother Hill and wife. The settlement is on a beautiful prairie ridge, and there are many fine families here. Brother Hill and wife are boarding at present, and have before them a fine field. He enters it with his usual staid, steady tread; but she throws herself into it with the enthusiasm of her whole soul. Long may they live to labor here! The next place north, they say, is Sodom, and then the Indians: so I guess I'll turn back.

From this point, our tourist, on his return, retraces

pretty much the path by which he came; so that we find in his diary nothing of new interest until he comes down to Davenport, on the Mississippi. Here we quote as follows:—

Aug. 10.—Came down to this place to-day, from DeWitt. Of all the rivers in the territory, and I believe now I have seen them all, I think the Wapsipiniccon is the worst. Such ugly bottom-lands, and, indeed, such sloughs as I have had all day long! A hard ride: but I find here a beautiful place, the most beautiful natural location on the Mississippi, some say; and I know of none that excels it. There are here about five hundred people. I have heard the place spoken of as a good location for a college. I see nothing to the contrary. There is certainly beauty of scenery. Probably it will not be much of a point for business; and a literary institution with such surroundings would attract a class of people congenial to itself. Here I am the guest of a new acquaintance, Brother Hitchcock, who preaches here. I believe, though, he is to leave before long to go to Moline, Illinois, a new village just starting on the other side of the river, three miles above Rock Island. I am to spend the Sabbath here, and shall be glad of the rest. I am getting about enough of travel. As to clothes, between the excessive rains, hot sun and horseback wear, they are beginning to look pretty rusty.

Monday Morning, Aug. 12, 1844. — Preached yesterday in the forenoon for the Congregationalists in a little building put up for a dwelling-house, and now used for a schoolhouse, situated on what is known as Ditch Street: twelve hearers. They are building, however, a neat little church, about twenty-eight by thirty-eight, on which I see that Brother H. works daily. Wonder if this is the way, when it comes to church-building, that the minister has to turn in as head carpenter to "boss the job!" In the afternoon yesterday, by invitation, preached for the Baptists. In the course of the sermon was a little vexed as I noticed two ladies smiling at some holes in my coat-sleeve, revealed by my gesturing. Drew down my arms, and their faces, too, by preaching straight at them. Perhaps, on this account, I preached with more point and earnestness than usual; for after meeting an Old School Presbyterian said he would give five dollars if I would stop and preach a year in the place. Felt it quite a compliment, considering the source.

Aug. 13. — At Bloomington.¹² The greatest effort at town building this. From four to six hundred people here are pitched into gullies, and tossed about on the hills. But here I have a hearty welcome by Brother Robbins and wife. They are getting ahead of all the rest by a little new-comer to their household. Mrs. Robbins laughs at the bachelor brethren, and

¹² Now Muscatine.

pretends to have such a care of them. Materials here for a good church ; and, if the place ever is anything, no doubt there will be a good one.

Aug. 16. — At Burlington. Have been here before quite frequently. Nothing specially new now. Brother Hutchinson is working away quite hopefully, though his health is not very firm. Nothing new, I say? — yes, there is one thing new, in the shape of an utterance of one Rev. Mr. White, a Cumberland Presbyterian minister, in a piece published in the paper, to which Brother Hutchinson called my attention. It is so modest, I must put it down as so much history : —

“Observation has taught me that many honest persons have heard Iowa misrepresented. So far from being a land of heathens, it is becoming densely populated by people of intelligence, from not only different parts of the United States, but of the Eastern and Western Continents. The people are able to support their ministers ; and it is an insult offered to their intelligence to have men stationed in their largest towns and villages, who receive from one to four hundred dollars per annum to instruct the brethren. Iowa is an unhealthy climate for theological dwarfs. Ministers are needed who have clear heads, warm hearts ; whose sentences breathe, and whose words burn.”

O Brother W.! you, then, must be one of the kind needed ; for your sentences breathe, and your words

burn. We have heard of similar utterances made by unbelievers, especially by one of the leading judges¹³ of the territory when we came into it; but little did we expect that gospel ministers would join in the cry. The judge, however, apologized, as he found one of our number¹⁴ coming to be his next-door neighbor. Wonder if *you* ever will!

Aug. 17.—At Denmark. This is a kind of a home for us all; and I thought I would come over here to rest a little before going back to my field. I have certainly taken quite a tour, and am glad of it. I have seen the brethren, seen their homes, know the country, and trust I shall work the more heartily.¹⁵

¹³ Judge Joseph Williams of Bloomington (now Muscatine); a good Methodist, not an unbeliever.

¹⁴ Bro. Robbins.

¹⁵ Note 8.

CHAPTER IX

THEN AND NOW

IT is by no means proposed, in what follows, to give a connected history either of the Iowa Band or Iowa Missions for the last twenty-five years. We seek only to review a scene here and there, and put on record a few facts, which, while of interest to parties concerned, may stand to the credit of the great home missionary work. If but a glimpse of home missionary life can be presented, especially of its inner view, with its joys yet not without its sorrows, our young men preparing for or entering the ministry, we are sure, will be attracted rather than repelled by it. If we can hold up a few clusters gathered as the fruits of home missions in Iowa, it may encourage and stimulate all workers in this noble cause to push it onward with increasing vigor wherever there remaineth land yet to be possessed.

As preparatory to what is now proposed, nothing, perhaps, will serve better than to contrast the Iowa of twenty-five years ago with the Iowa of to-day. By this view of the "then and now," unfolding, as it must, the nature of the field occupied and the changes wrought, we can better appreciate the causes at work.

But going back twenty-five years brings us so near the beginning of all Iowa history, that a word or two of the prior period may not be amiss.

From 1843, we go back but ten years to find the first settlement of the state. This was June 1, 1833. Before that date, no white man had resided within its limits except the Indian traders and their dependents, and a few who crossed the Mississippi in defiance of all treaties.

Of those who have labored here in the gospel, probably the first Congregational minister whose privilege it was to look over into this promised land was the Rev. J. A. Reed. He saw it as early as May, 1833. His point of observation was a town site in Illinois, called Commerce, consisting then of one log cabin and a cornfield, since known as Nauvoo. His eye could just distinguish bluffs and prairie, with timber-skirted streams. Gazing on the prospect, his reflection was, that the land before him, all the way to the Pacific, was the abode only of savages. All seemed buried, as for ages, in the silence and sleep of savage life.

During the first ten years of Iowa history, between 1833 and 1843, the only portion of the state open for settlement was a strip of country about forty miles wide and two hundred miles long, on the western bank of the Mississippi. So far out was this on the frontier, on the very borders of the Indian country, and so much good land was there unoccupied

and easier of access between it and the older settlements of what was then the West, that its population at first increased but slowly. In 1838, five years after its settlement began, the population of the territory numbered but 22,859.

Prior to July 4, 1838, Iowa was included in the territorial government, first of Michigan and then of Wisconsin. At this date its own government was established, embracing in its limits the most of what is now Minnesota and Dakota. Its present boundaries were established when it was admitted into the Union as a state, in 1846. In 1840, its population had reached 42,500. In these first years the country was but little developed. Pioneer hardships and privations were the common experience of the people. These were times in which the brethren tell of letters lying in the post-office for want of money possessed, or to be borrowed, with which to pay postage.

The religious condition of the people near the close of this first ten years, as near as August, 1842, is indicated by the statements of a writer in "The Home Missionary" of that period. He puts down the number of ministers in the Territory, of all denominations, as 42, and the number of professing Christians as 2,133. "Suppose," he says, "that ten times this number, or 21,330, come under the stated or transient influence of the preached gospel, you have yet the astounding fact that there are 38,070 souls in the territory destitute of the means of grace, a large portion

of whom are under the withering blight of all sorts of pernicious error."

Among the errors alluded to was Mormonism. Its headquarters were at Nauvoo, Ill. The town site with its one log cabin of ten years ago had now become a city of Latter-day Saints, claiming from sixteen to eighteen thousand people. All the males were under military drill, the men in one division, and the boys in another, to the number, it was said, of three thousand. There was not a school in the place. About this time Mormonism was sanguine. Its apostles were everywhere, traversing the new settlements with a zeal and success at once astonishing and alarming.

Infidelity, too, was presenting a bold front under the leadership of Abner Kneeland, first known in Vermont as a Universalist minister, afterwards in Boston as an atheist. He had settled with a band of his followers, male and female, upon the banks of the Des Moines, to mould, if possible, the faith of the new settlers by "substituting," as one has said, "Paine's Age of Reason, for the family Bible, the dance for the prayer-meeting, and the holiday for the Sabbath." Of the ministers and Christians spoken of as in the Territory near the close of the first ten years, a very few only were of the Congregational order.

The first Congregational ministers that explored this field were the Rev. Asa Turner and the Rev.

William Kirby. This they did in May, 1836. They found, as the principal settlements, Fort Madison, Burlington, Farmington, Yellow Springs, Davenport and Pleasant Valley. Had they continued their tour northward far enough, they would have found Dubuque, with some other little settlements scattered here and there.

The first resident Congregational minister in the state was the Rev. W. A. Apthorp, who came in the fall of 1836. He preached for a year or two, mostly at Fort Madison and Denmark. At Denmark, the first Congregational church in Iowa was formed, May 5, 1838. The ministers present were Messrs. Turner, Reed and Apthorp. Denmark was then about two years old, with a few log cabins and a frame building, twenty by twenty-four, which served as a schoolhouse and meeting-house, partly finished. The church was organized with thirty-two members. Every New England state but one was represented in it. Immediately on the organization of the church, Mr. Turner was invited to take charge of it; and the invitation was, after a few weeks, accepted. Mr. Apthorp was soon called to Illinois, and Mr. Turner was left the only Congregational minister in the state. So intimately connected with the history of our churches in after years did the church at Denmark and its pastor become, that Denmark is regarded as the cradle of Congregationalism in Iowa; and to the revered pastor who so long labored there, the Iowa

ministry have given, by common consent, the appellation of "Father Turner."

He did not long stand alone. Others came to his help, but not enough to supply the wants of even the slowly developing country around them. In a few years, the population began to increase more rapidly. The openings for labor became more numerous, but the men to occupy the new fields came not. These were weary years, in which the few brethren here explored the field, reported its wants, and then labored on without reenforcement. This they did till hope deferred not only made the heart sick, but made them almost despair. But at last, as we have seen, help came.

Twenty-five years ago, what is now the state of Iowa was a territory, whose scattered settlements were mostly confined to the narrow strip of country before mentioned. The northern and western portions of it were still in the possession of the Indians. It was only a little farther west, about the center of the state, that the Indian title was extinguished in October, 1843. Now the state stretches from the Mississippi to the Missouri, taking in a belt of land measuring from north to south nearly three hundred miles. Traversing the eastern portion of it are five noble rivers, nearly equidistant from and parallel to each other, running in a south-easterly direction to the Mississippi; while on the western slope of the state are other rivers, with their tributaries, tending to the Missouri.

With this area of fifty-five thousand square miles, situated in the very heart of our country, embracing a variety of climate, bounded and intersected by the noblest rivers of the continent, Iowa is equal to any of her sister states in the richness of her soil, and more favored than some of them in the extent of her forests. Her water-courses abound with facilities for the manufacturer. Her mines of lead and coal and her quarries of marble are exhaustless sources of wealth. It is indeed a goodly land: so the thousands who have found a home on its soil have esteemed it.

The growth of its population, though slow at first, has in later years been truly wonderful. In 1843, there were but about seventy thousand people in the state; now there are over a million. In cities where then there were but a few hundreds, now there are thousands, and in some cases tens of thousands. Twenty-five years ago, a father in the ministry was calling with one of the Band on a family near the field of his labor. Wishing to impress both the family and the youthful minister with the grandeur of the Christian work in a new country, he remarked on this wise: "I have no doubt that the day will come, some time, that, within a region of ten miles around the place where we now stand, there will be as many as ten thousand people." The prophecy at the time seemed almost startling,¹⁶ but that family is still living where they then were; and, within the region alluded

¹⁶ Note 9.

to, the people now are numbered by more than three times ten thousand, while the two ministers are still living, the older and the younger beholding in wonder the advancing growth.

Meantime, as might be expected, the development of the state as a whole has been wonderful. The Iowa of to-day rivals many an older state in agricultural and mechanical productions; while her coal-beds and her quarries are proving sources of unexpected wealth, and her mines of lead show no signs of exhaustion. Her advance in all the arts and achievements of civilized life has been rapid. There is no better index, perhaps, of the development of a country than its facilities of travel, and, especially in these latter days, the number and location of its railroads. A glance shows how marked has been the progress in this respect.

Twenty-five years ago the nearest approach by rail from the East was the city of Buffalo. Travelers that would see the then Far West, just opening on this, the farther side of the Mississippi, were compelled for the most part to cross over in skiffs, flat-boats or horse-boats. At one point only was there a steam-ferry. The mode of travel then was mostly on foot or horseback, guided often by Indian trails or blazed trees. Bridgeless streams and sometimes bottomless sloughs were to be crossed.

Many are the incidents and adventures which the members of the Band and the older ministers have to

recount to their children and to one another of the days in one sense so recent, in another so long ago, as they speak of their early explorations in looking over their fields and hunting up the people. But these things have passed. Railroads have come. No less than five railroad-bridges across the Mississippi are, or are being, constructed, over which the iron horse comes to find here a fresh pasture-ground for his wide roaming. From these five points start five main roads, crossing the state from east to west. Like her five principal rivers, they are about equidistant from, and in the main parallel to, each other. Two of them already form the Iowa links in the great Pacific route, and others are pressing on. Meantime, from north to south, roads are projected, and parts of them completed; giving promise, at no distant day, of a railroad system at once complete and adequate. In the aggregate, about fourteen hundred miles of railroad are already in operation,—an extent nearly if not quite equal to all the railroads in the whole country twenty-five years ago. The whistle of the engine is fast becoming a familiar sound to the children of Iowa.

The rivers, of course, have been bridged, and carriage-roads have been made, as the necessities of the people have required. Twenty-five years ago the only public buildings of Iowa were a rickety penitentiary and a very ordinary State House: now, all over the state are scattered her public institutions of all

sorts,—homes for the orphan, asylums for the blind, the insane, and the deaf and dumb. Her present Capitol¹⁷ stands in a city claiming a population of fifteen thousand, where, at the coming of the Band, there was but a fort, seldom reached, so far was it in the heart of the Indian country.

In addition to her State University, whose annual income exceeds twenty-five thousand dollars, her Agricultural College generously endowed, and a system of common schools magnificently provided for, there are, among her citizens, schools and colleges established by Christian enterprise, already standing high among the best institutions of the land.

Thus, as by magic, in a few years has the wilderness been peopled. That profound sleep in which, when the first Congregational minister gazed upon it, the whole region seemed wrapped, has been broken. Towns, villages, cities, have sprung up, where, but a little while ago, no trace of civilization was visible. With all this growth, giving life and vitality to it, have sprung up churches of our Lord Jesus Christ. We will not speak of these now; but, when in the proper place we do, we shall find that here the tens have given place to hundreds, and the hundreds to thousands.

Twenty-five years ago Iowa was almost unknown, and its character a blank; now its fame is at once world-wide and enviable. Then it was only a frontier

¹⁷ Des Moines, whose population now is over 65,000.

territory, containing, in the eye of the nation, but a few scattered homes of wild adventurers: now it is a state, and a state, too, of no mean rank in the center of states. Welcoming to her soil, from the first, the principles of education, liberty and religion that have traveled westward from the land of the Pilgrims; sending them, in due time, to the opening plains of Kansas and Nebraska; saying to the dark spirit of the South, that was ever struggling to press its way northward, "Thus far and no farther;" joining hands, in the meantime, with her sister states of the North and the Northwest in a friendly rivalry to develop and protect every noble interest and true,—she stands forth with the proud inscription already on her brow, "The Massachusetts of the West,"—an inscription placed there, not as in self-glorifying, by her own sons, but by friends abroad, as they have seen the freedom of her people, her schools and her churches, watched the integrity and wisdom of her legislators, felt her power in the councils of the nation, and especially as they have marked her noble record in the hour of the nation's peril.

She was ever prompt with her full quota of men and means, and ever mindful of her soldiers in the field and their families at home. Of all her sister states, none were more lavish in these respects than she; and yet she was the only one of them all to come out at the close of the war with her liabilities canceled, and free of debt. Nor has she since been un-

true to the character then earned: she has made the path of freedom broad enough to include all her citizens; and, in every case in which these United States have been called to pronounce upon any of the issues of the times, she has stood shoulder to shoulder on the side of progress with the noblest of them all. Such is the Iowa of to-day. Looking at things as they now are, we can hardly believe that they are the out-growth of the things few and feeble of twenty-five years ago. But so it is. There have been causes for this. Where and what are they?

CHAPTER X

THE WORKERS

THE growth of a state, free and mighty, as are these states of the Northwest, is a grand event. It stands forth as the result, not of one cause, but of a thousand. Prominent among them, to say the least, is the gospel of Jesus Christ, the message of God to man by his Son. It is the preaching of this gospel, with the influences and institutions it includes, that, entering into the individual, domestic, social and civil life, gives character and prosperity to the state. To prove a proposition like this is no part of the present object; nor, with the history of our country before us, is it needful. It is to the preachers, teachers and upholders of the gospel in Iowa, we are bold to affirm, that she is in no small degree indebted for what she is.

Somewhat prominent among these are the Congregational ministers and churches of the state. With here and there an exception, these churches have all felt the fostering care of the American Home Missionary Society,—a society which is more than its president, its executive committee and its secretaries. Be it ours, then, in this chapter, to set forth the workers here; not the home missionaries only, but

their helpers also—all who have given or prayed in aid of this work, or sympathized with them in it. If home missions can show a record of honor in Iowa, let the honor be shared by all who should participate in it, and let the joys of it be widespread and mutual.

The grand central figure, however, around which the picture must be drawn, is the home missionary himself. Look at him as he is, or rather as he was, twenty-five years ago. We have a young man without family, and, with possibly here and there an exception, without friends, in the new territory to which he has come. His property inventories a few books, the clothes he wears, his trusty horse and a debt at the seminary. On a beautiful morning, as beautiful as the light, which is glorious, and the air, which is bracing, can make it, he is riding out from his home over the prairies into the surrounding settlements. He is in the ardor of youth, yet all things just now seem neither very bright, beautiful nor hopeful. The prairies, at first so fascinating in their novelty, by familiarity have grown tame and unattractive. They are now actually dreary, with their verdure stiffened by the frosts of autumn or burned to blackness by autumnal fires. The poetry of Western life and home missionary labor is fast changing to fact. The fires of a new experience are passing over him. What wonder now if his ride be somewhat lonely, and his thoughts flow in a serious, almost saddened, mood, as he queries with himself,—

"What do I here? I came here to preach, but there are no meeting-houses and no churches. But few people care about my coming, going or staying. Among them all, who is there to lean upon? Nothing is organized. The materials are heterogeneous and discordant. There are no counselors near, no precedents, no established customs. With some denominations there are set rules and directions; the way is marked out: this is of some advantage, at least. Some denominations, too, are popular; mine is not; is, indeed, but little known, and many are prejudiced against it. I am to work here alone. In case of sickness or general failure of health, what then? Foreign missionaries are provided for in this respect, but home missionaries are not. Who is so little supported from without as a home missionary? Who is put so much upon his self-reliance? And on whom does the whole work in which he is so engaged hang? And now, an inexperienced youth, what do I here? What is my life-work to be?"

Oh, from the depths of how many hearts have these questions come up here in Iowa, and in all the newer missionary fields of the West! How often, having left home and friends, church-steeple and the sound of church-going bells, behind him, and gone towards the setting sun till he found himself single-handed and alone on the very frontiers of civilization, has the home missionary in perplexity asked, "What do I here?" And how often has the question found an

answer in some moment of loneliness and sadness, when, in the absence of all human stays and sympathies, the soul has been thrown upon God, and, for the time, the whole being, the whole world even, has become as the Holy of holies, filled with the divine presence!

Then it is seen that there is work enough anywhere; and there are faith and courage to do it. It is thus that to the lonely missionary rider there springs up a light, and visions brighter than the brightness of the morning. God never seemed in his fulness to fill all things more than now in the surrounding solitudes. In a few years he sees that the virgin soil around him, with as yet no trace upon it save here and there a bridle-path, is to take on the fruits of husbandry and toil; homes are soon to cover it; the silent forest is to be peopled, and the rivers' banks are to be thronged with artisans. For the people's need, for the glory of God, and that the land may be Christ's, he sees that spiritual seed must here be sown and spiritual harvests reaped. "Here," he exclaims, "is my work! With God for my counselor, and taking the customs, precedents and rules of his Word for my guide, here will I live and labor, and here will I die."

Yes, noble Iowa, many are the germs of life labor that thus have been set within thee! Out of them, many are the years of patient toil and work that have been given thee by those who brought salvation on

their tongues, whose feet trod the rude dwellings of thy pioneers, who, in the ruder schoolhouses, first gathered thy children together to teach them the ways of the Lord, and whose very lives have flowed out into the industry, the thrift, the virtue and the integrity of thy people. When as a young man thou rejoicest in thy strength, forget not by what powers thy sinews have been knit, from whom, in a measure, at least, the currents of thy life have been fed.

Iowa owes a debt even to the humble home missionary; but not to him alone, for with him, in him and through him, she has felt the power of thousands besides. That missionary entered upon his work with a commission,—a businesslike document, sending him out, perhaps, to find a field, or a place in which to make one; drawing out, somewhat in detail, the nature of the duties enjoined, with the requisition of quarterly reports to be made, and the promise of pecuniary aid in a certain sum stipulated: all duly signed by accredited agents,—the secretaries of the Home Missionary Society. Accordingly, laboring through the months of the first quarter, hunting up the lost sheep of the house of Israel, sowing seed as he may beside all waters, with somewhat of trembling at the little accomplished, he makes his first report, and labors on.

In due time, by the tri-weekly or bi-weekly mail, there comes to him a letter with the Society's imprint,—the first from New York. The twenty-five cents of

postage are paid, and the seal broken. There before him is his first missionary draft,—good, in the old times, as so much gold. It seems to him as almost sacred; for whence comes it? Of the West he has heard from his youth. He knows how the old folks at home, the fathers and the mothers, the brothers and the sisters, too, are praying and giving for the West; and now he is here, an almoner of their bounties. Through him is the answer of their prayers to find a channel; a new tie is felt between him and them.

These are allies in the work, recognized now as never before. He must be faithful at his post, to the duties of which he commits himself with a new consecration. This is not all. That first letter is no mere off-hand business note, with the simple authority to draw so much money. There is appended a message of cheer, of warm Christian greeting and encouragement. That message by the secretary's own pen is as the hand-grasp of a friend. By it, henceforth, the youthful laborer feels that there are loving human sympathies with him, as he stands in this holy brotherhood of the mission work. He, as a home missionary, the secretaries, the patrons of the Society, those who give and pray,—all are as one, and in one work.

Yes, ye donors,—ye men of wealth who have given your thousands, ye widows in Israel who have brought your two mites, all ye who have given or prayed,—in all the fruits of home missions at the West, you are sharers.

And you who with noble hearts have stood between the givers and the workers,—allow us who once were young, and now look back upon our quarter century of labors, to give expression to the debt of gratitude we owe to you, and especially to the senior among you, then in the prime of his life, and still faithful at his post. Could his brief messages of cheer in missionary correspondence, scattered all over Iowa in her earlier days, be gathered together, what a volume they would make! Could it but be seen what courage and energy they inspired, how rich a reward would there be in it for him!

We do not wonder that our wives have said, in passing through the commercial metropolis, that "they would rather see Dr. Badger's face than anything else in New York." Nor will we forget his noble colleague of earlier days, now gone to his reward. Go on, then, brethren at the Home Missionary Rooms, in giving words of cheer. You little know what power there is in them sometimes in the hearts of those at the outposts of home missionary toil.

Pass on a few years in the young missionary's career, and look again. Like others, he finds it not good to be alone. He takes a wife, begins a home. Children are in the household. The actual necessities of life draw hard upon a scanty income. Sometimes the burdens of sickness or misfortune are added. In spite of clerical financing,—and there is no better in the world,—things are going hard,

But something is rolled up to the door. It is a barrel or box; nothing more, nothing less. Few things just now could be more; for it is a "missionary box." Roll it in, and take off the cover. Out comes a dress or a cloak; here a vest, and there a coat; bundles of nice, warm flannel; little dresses, little stockings and tiny shoes, and toys even, for the youngest of the household; an old hat and old bonnets sometimes,—strange that such things should be sent!

A real relief is that box; for almost everything is in it,—many comforts, and often some luxuries and adornments, that make the prairie home brighter and more cheerful for months. Winter may come now. The lean, lank wallet may swell out a little; for less frequent now will be the drafts upon it. Real gala scenes sometimes attend the opening of these boxes, when the quiet study takes on the air of a dry-goods room or a clothing-store, when each is seeking to make out a suit for himself, and try it on.

Willie, with the cap adjusted and jacket on, is tugging at the shoes, and Kate at the stockings, while the mother is busy with the shawl, gloves, etc.

Of course, everything in the box does not fit at first, though afterwards generally made to do so; and somewhat grotesque are the figures arrayed in each other's presence, to the merriment of all.

But hush! The articles are all taken off, folded up, and laid aside; the little ones are made to understand that they are gifts from kind friends far away;

and then there is a kneeling down around that box, God is thanked, and blessings invoked on the donors. Nor is a new consecration to the mission work forgotten.

Yes, ye far-off mothers, sisters, ye, too, are workers here. By the busy stitches that sewed these garments together, not only were your hearts knit more closely to the missionary cause, but the hearts of the missionaries were bound to it more closely as well. By these, in part, have the East and the West been drawn together in the fellowship of workers in a common Christian cause. They have also furnished a few threads, at least, in that web of national sympathy by which the East and the West and the North and the South are indissolubly one.

At every step of our young home missionary in his progressive work, he finds coworkers in it. He goes into his little Sabbath-schools, presenting books and pictures to a group of children with bright eyes and happy faces. They are the gift of Eastern friends. As the little flock of his gathering are at the communion table, he sees the pitcher and tumbler giving place to a communion set. This comes, perhaps, from his own old home church. In due time, another point is gained; and a happy day is it when a house of worship is secured,—a sanctuary of God, a home for the church. Here, too, help has come from abroad. How large the circle, how numerous the company, engaged in this missionary work!

But we must not forget the missionary's helpers in the field. We refer now not to his brethren in the ministry merely, to whom he is daily growing more and more attached by the sympathies of a common cause and service, but to the faithful few he finds among his own little flock, and the choice spirits, also, in the flocks of his brethren. Rare men and women there were and are in these missionary churches. What good days those were of old, when the brethren all knew each other, and when the churches knew each other too, somewhat ; when we could travel over all the fields, and find a welcome everywhere from home to home ! With such coworkers has our home missionary labored on from youth to age. Laborers have increased ; churches have multiplied, and in them coworkers not a few. Again we say, in all that has been accomplished, "honor to whom honor ;" and, with thanks to God for all, let all rejoice.

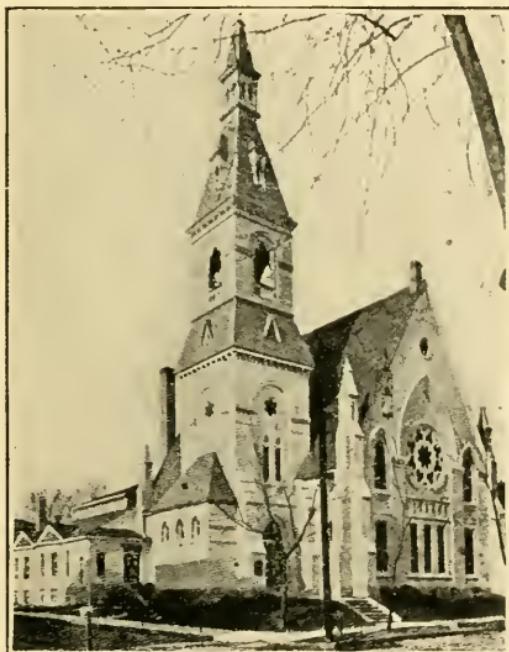
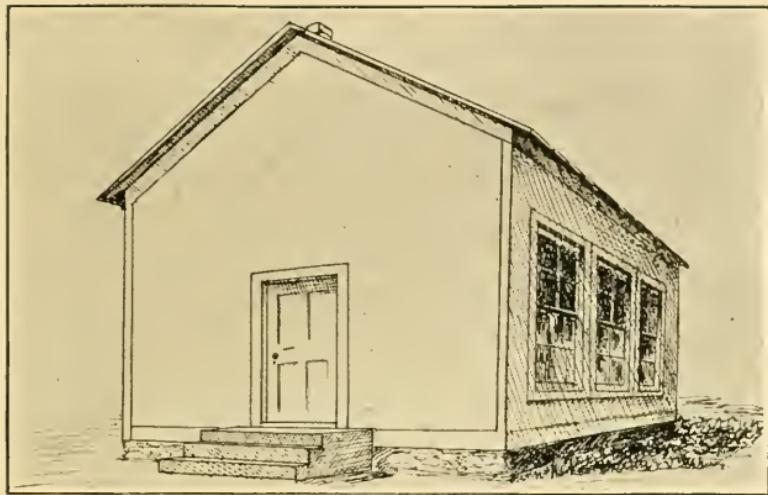
CHAPTER XI

RESULTS

HOW genial and wide-spread, in the spring and summer time, are the influences of sun and showers! In autumn we gather in the harvests, and reckon up their sum. But in the multitude of bushels of corn or wheat, more or less, have we a measure of what the sun and showers have done? What facts and figures are of use here?

Like sun and showers are gospel influences in a state, as they flow along the channels of individual, domestic and social life. The effects produced are quite as much unseen as seen. They are such as no words can compass. Human language cannot set them forth. To attempt, therefore, to point out, in the form of definite and tangible results, what home missions have done in Iowa may prejudice rather than promote our object. It were safer, perhaps, to content ourselves with the general impression given from the view we have taken of the workers and their field.

Nevertheless, we will venture, as to a few points, upon a closer view; yet so as by the facts and figures to be reminded constantly quite as much of the things



Beginnings — Present edifice
EDWARDS CONGREGATIONAL CHURCH, DAVENPORT

not told as of those that are. We will begin with a novel scene,—novel indeed for Iowa, and rare even for any state.

On the 18th of November, 1868, in Muscatine, one of the busy cities on the banks of the Mississippi, there was a great gathering at the house of a pastor, Alden B. Robbins, one of the Band. Within that modest dwelling, children had grown up around him; about him now were his flock,—parishioners, friends and neighbors,—the largest social gathering the city had ever seen. By his side stood one, not the first to share his joys and sorrows as wife and companion, but for many years his helpmeet indeed, the fruitage of whose exemplary life of prayerful, earnest toil was in the scene around her. With him, too, were gathered a few—here a brother, and there a sister—of those who, twenty-five years ago, were with him at the beginning of things. The silver wedding they called it, and fitly, of pastor and people.

It was easy now to speak of incidents and dates, to call up facts and figures, to set the present membership of the church of two hundred, and the total membership from the beginning of three hundred and fifty-five, over against the little band of twenty-six who first composed it; and to set in array the figures showing the twenty-four thousand dollars contributed to benevolent purposes during the last twenty years. It was easy to contrast the present house of worship with the first one built,—the little brick

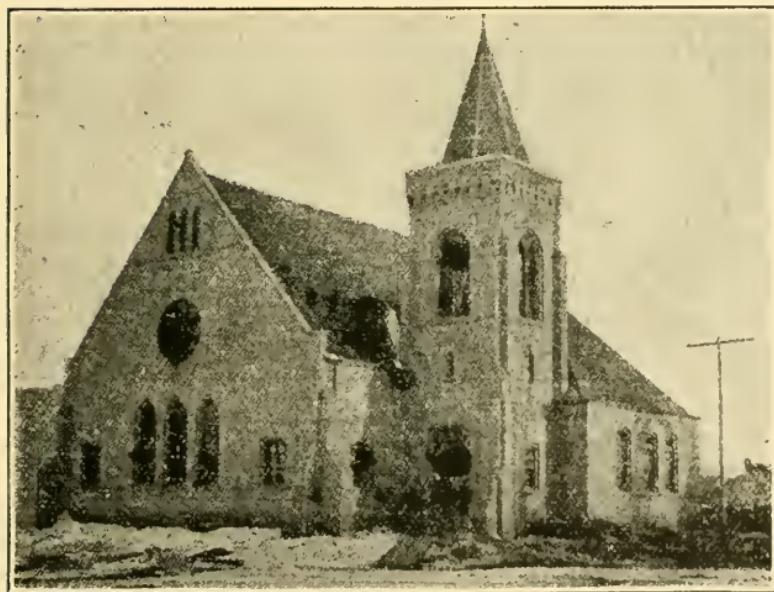
building at the top of the hill, among the stumps, in the erection of which, after pockets were empty, the brethren brought their bodies to the work, with hod in hand, carrying brick and mortar.

It was easy to go back of this to the old court-house, where the meetings first were held, and then to fill up this space of twenty-five years with pleasing incidents of revival scenes recalled, and manifold changes wrought. Easy indeed was all this, and rich and rare was the Book of Chronicles opened that night by the pastor among his people.

But all that was said, all that was thought or conceived of, by any or all,—what was it in comparison with the true history of the twenty-five years there under review? To give that history, one must trace the workings of prayers and prayer-meetings, — even those little church prayer-meetings of the olden times there, held in the afternoon, because Deacon Lucas, one of the three brethren who were to sustain them, lived five miles out in the country. He must tell the story of the sermons from week to week prayed over, studied and preached; of the good seed sown, in what hearts it took root, and how it grew. He must tell how children grew up, were trained and moulded by church and Sabbath-school; what souls were born into the kingdom of Christ in the progress of the years. He must relate the history of those souls in their Christian development in this world, and tell how some who have gone over the river were fash-



1858-1895



1895
FIRST CHURCH, DECORAH

ioned and ripened for heaven. He must portray the days of anxiety and solicitude on the part of both pastor and people in days of weakness, when that church was among the little home missionary churches of Iowa. He must show what was the part of each and all the home mission workers, who, by their prayers, labors, gifts and sympathies, sustained it, till, by the blessing of God, its liberty and Christ-loving principles were triumphant, and it became a tower of strength among sister churches in the state.

But, if such things as these are to be fully and truthfully told, who is to be the chronicler? And yet nothing short of this, and more than this, would be a complete history. Over and above the few facts and figures which we can put down in connection with the history of any one church, as the results of home missions in Iowa, there are in the divine Mind and as eternity will reveal them, other results just as definite and tangible, greater, and more in number. To that silver-wedding scene of pastor and people, with all its hallowed associations and precious memories, we point as one of our results. And as with this church, so with others scattered over the state. Not that each church is as strong as this; a few are as strong or stronger; many are weaker. Not that every pastor can look back upon his quarter-century labors in the same field; but wherever churches have been planted, and gospel ordinances maintained, a like process, as to its general features, has been going on.

We have now reached a point where figures begin to be significant. When the pastor of whose silver wedding we have spoken began to labor with his little home missionary church twenty-five years ago, and looked around for his immediate allies and coworkers, there were in the territory, of his denomination, seven ministers and sixteen churches, with an aggregate membership of four hundred and twenty-two. Among them all there was the one house of worship,¹⁸ built and used expressly as such: now (1870), there are one hundred and eighty-one ministers and one hundred and eighty-nine churches, with a membership of about ten thousand.

These churches are well supplied, for a new country, with houses of worship, some of which are among the finest structures in the state. They are located mainly in the principal centers of population and trade,—places, in this respect, like those in which Paul first preached the gospel. They embrace, to say the least, their proportionate share of the commanding forces of society. These churches, as a general thing, are alive and vigorous.

The amount of money raised by them during the year ending June, 1869, for home purposes and benevolent objects abroad, was \$136,405; and was equal to an average of sixteen dollars to every resident church member. Of these churches all but four were planted by, and have been nurtured

¹⁸ At Dubuque,

through, the agency of the American Home Missionary Society.

But let us not dwell too long among mere statistics. Keeping in mind the one hundred and eighty-nine churches now scattered over the state, as the fruits of, and the fruit-bearing vines planted by, the Home Missionary Society, let us indicate a few facts illustrative of their significance and value.

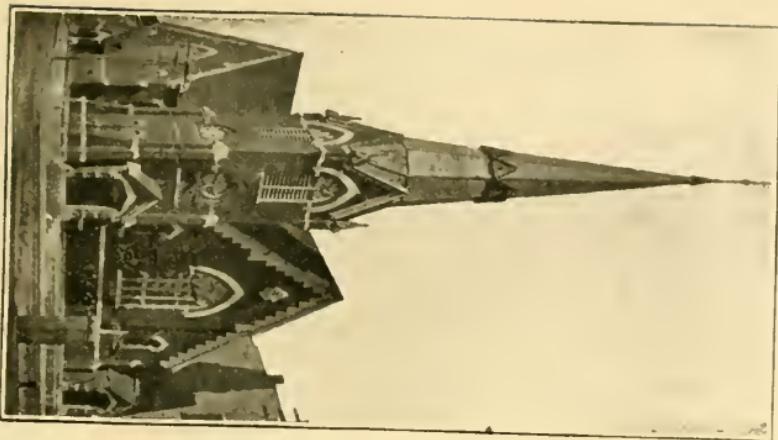
The local church is the laboring point in the kingdom of God. Where the local church is vigorous and active, it includes every form of wise Christian labor. Were the world to be converted by public gatherings in associations and conventions, by public councils and resolves, the work were easily done. But little is accomplished by these, useful as they are in their place, save as those who share in them go back to the home churches, where by prayer and by work the seed of the kingdom is to be sown among the people. Here, where the gospel is preached and its ordinances are maintained, where the light shines and the gospel leaven is at work in households, Sabbath-schools, congregations and society at large, are the working centers of Christianity.

Here, too, are the laborers for Christ who are to go forth into other fields, bearing precious seed with them. From these Iowa churches such laborers have gone forth to the East and the West and the South and to the isles of the sea. Some of our missionaries abroad to-day were raised up in the bosom of these

churches, and others are preparing to follow. For the promotion of Christ's kingdom in the land, we have various organizations,—Bible societies, tract societies, Sabbath-school societies, and the like. But who does not know that the moment a home missionary enters a field, he is almost compelled by the force of circumstances to be a Bible agent, a tract agent, a Sabbath-school agent, and the agent and actor in every form of effort by which Christian work is to be done?

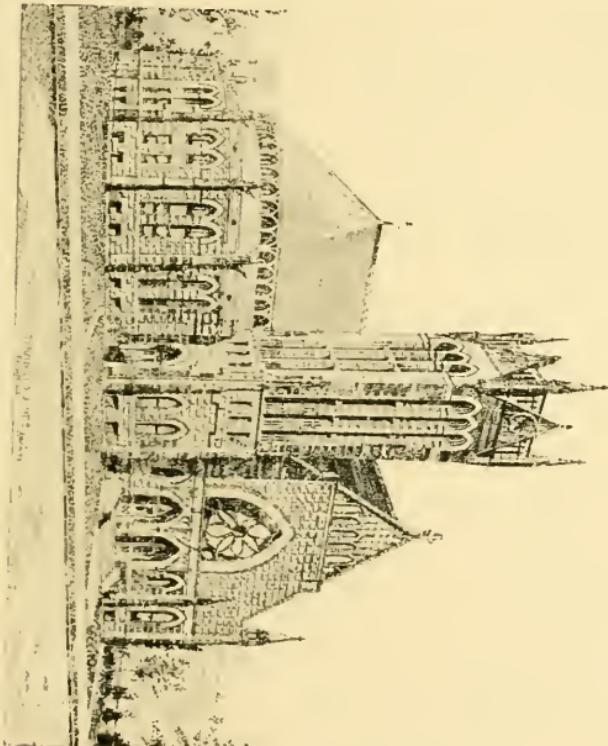
We hear often and much as to its being the province of certain agencies to go in advance of the churches; but we never yet heard of a great battle won by skirmishers. All due honor to anybody and any agency that can do good in any measure and anywhere; but let us not forget to recognize the wisdom of the divine plans in accordance with which everything effective in the kingdom of God must spring from and be nourished by "the church of the living God, which is the pillar and ground of the truth." So shall we honor that Society, which, in the planting of churches, in a sense absorbs and carries in itself all Christian agencies.

In estimating the influence of these churches in Iowa, we must not forget the revivals of religion included in their history. When God in various ways so wonderfully prepared this nation for the fearful struggle through which it has recently passed, by abundant harvests and general financial success, he



Built 1877

PLYMOUTH CONGREGATIONAL CHURCH, Corner stone laid, 1901
DES MOINES



also scattered over the land numerous and powerful revivals of religion, through which, in part at least, a moral sentiment was created, adequate to cope with the powers of oppression, and to endure in the struggle. In our accounts of revivals, we say: so many were converted, so many have joined the church; as though this were the whole of it; but here, as elsewhere, figures fail to tell the story. Follow those truly converted through their life-work; see in the elevation and development of Christian character, in the changes wrought in many homes, in society, in trades, professions, and the various callings of life, the influence of genuine revivals of religion; and then you may begin to estimate them. So we shall see how the Congregational churches of Iowa, and those of all denominations, have been blessed, and made a blessing to the state, by the outpourings of God's reviving spirit.

We should do injustice, in speaking of the results of home missions in Iowa, did we fail to mention that to these home mission churches is the country largely indebted for the stand taken and the services rendered by this new and rising state in the hour of our common national peril. What these were, we need not tell. They are known and read of all men. It might have been otherwise.

Once, when, in the territorial legislature, the question of the admission or rejection of slavery was discussed, liberty barely triumphed. The portions of

the state earliest and most thickly settled received a population largely imbued with Southern feeling and Southern sentiment. Any open opposition to human bondage was decidedly unpopular. Our little churches found themselves amid uncongenial elements. They were stigmatized as abolition churches. Their ministers were some of them threatened with violence; but they stood faithful, espousing from the first, and ever pleading, the cause of human rights.

A change was wrought, and Iowa is honored, the country over, as true to the cause of freedom. To what extent this fact is due to the churches that gathered to their bosoms the descendants of the Pilgrims, who had made new homes on her soil, and lifted aloft the standard of a liberty-giving gospel, may never be definitely known, for here, again, facts and figures fail us. But we know, that when men were called for and armies were to be raised, one out of every four of their ministers sent a son, nearly every fourth of their adult male members enlisted, and, from their congregations, two thousand went forth to the conflict. Of those who went from their communion tables, one third never returned. In the councils of the nation, too, was their influence felt. Of this we are assured, when, during the war, there stood among us one¹⁹ holding one of the highest positions of trust in the gift of the state, whose voice in both state and national councils had always been

¹⁹ Senator Grimes.

true and potent for liberty, who frankly affirmed, that, in respect to his political principles, he owed more to the body of men before him than to any other, and, at the same time, declared his political godfather to be him who was honored with the title of "Father" among us..

We shall not be charged with undue presumption if we say a word here of the modifying influence exerted upon other denominations. As Congregationalists, we are neither bigoted nor vain enough to feel that all excellence or wisdom is with us. We set up no claim to perfection. Our Western lives have taught us better. As we now see it, each denomination of true believers has its own peculiar excellence, around which it grows, and from which it has whatever is peculiar to its life. The several evangelical denominations, working side by side in this open field, inevitably affect each other. They give to and borrow from each other. No one of them in the future is to be just what it would have been by itself. That future will not, cannot be just what any one of them alone would have made it. It is to be better than this, and each denomination is to be the better for the others.

The modifying influence which the denominations mutually exert is too marked to escape the notice of any. Let it go on. We believe they are doing each other good. In this direction should the friends of missions look for a portion, at least, of the results of

this labor; for there is no danger that the influence of the polity and principles of the Congregational churches will be too strong amid the forming influences of the West. There is need of them, and let the need be supplied.

If anything more is needed in this chapter of results to inspire the feeling that this work of home missions pays, we have only to remember that those churches are young and vigorous, and in a growing field. In a few years, other churches than that already referred to, other pastors, will be having their silver weddings; year by year, additional ones will be coming up to the point of self-support, and pass on in their growth. New ones, betimes, will be planted. In God's husbandry, how soon is it perpetual sunshine and shower, seed-time and harvest, commingled!

The sheaves are in our arms, and the tender grain at the same time is springing at our feet. Centuries in God's seasons are but days, quarter-centuries but hours. For what we have already seen, let God be thanked. In following chapters we shall meet with still further results, which, with those that have been named, are but the seeds of the future.

CHAPTER XII

THE IOWA ASSOCIATION

IT is interesting to see with what boldness and independence a few home missionaries, when they get together, will start and lay out plans in the West. It is all natural enough; for a sense of the surrounding growth and progress soon takes possession of the Western man. In all arrangements the future is anticipated, and room for it carefully made. So it comes that some little church in an ordinary village bears the name of The First Congregational Church. One, indeed, sometimes almost smiles at the comprehensive and imposing titles with which some little organization is at the first burdened. But it should be remembered that the actors have an eye to things as they are to be, not as they are. If they start with large titles and plans, it is because they have confidence that things will soon grow up to them.

Thus it was, that, in Denmark, as early as Nov. 6, 1840, when, as yet, the state had hardly begun to be settled, the General Congregational Association of Iowa was organized, consisting of three churches, three ministers and one licentiate. It may not be amiss to give their names. The churches were those

of Denmark, Fairfield and Danville, with an aggregate membership of one hundred and fifty-four; the ministers were Asa Turner, J. A. Reed, Reuben Gaylord, and Charles Burnham, licentiate. The first two are still members of the Association, witnessing from year to year the fulfilment of their prophecy in the name they gave it; the third, years ago, pitched his pioneer tent on the western bank of the Missouri, to be an actor in like prophecies and fulfilments in a still more western state.

The Association thus formed held its meetings semi-annually, in spring and autumn, till October, 1844. At this time, by its recommendation, minor associations were formed, to hold their meetings semi-annually; and its own meetings began to be held once a year. The minor associations now number twelve. To these belong ordained ministers, and churches represented by delegates. Ministers and churches of the minor bodies are acknowledged members of the General Association; making this, to all intents and purposes, an annual gathering of the churches, for the exercise of no ecclesiastical rule, but, as expressed in the second article of its constitution, "to promote intercourse and harmony among the ministers and churches in its connection, to disseminate information relative to the state of religion, and enable its members to cooperate with one another, and with other ecclesiastical bodies, in advancing the cause of the Redeemer."

The spirit and proceedings of the annual meetings of this body, if faithfully given, would, of course, reveal much of the inner workings and progress of missionary and ministerial life in Iowa. Among the most pleasing recollections of the writer are those of a long series of these yearly gatherings; for, since 1844, it has been his privilege to be present, with a single exception, at all of them. This exception occurred when the shadow of the death-angel was hanging over his dwelling. The printed minutes of the Association for the last twenty years are before him; and from these, and the storehouse of his memory, let a few things be gathered.

There meets us, at the outset, a little testimony touching the soundness in doctrine of these churches and ministers, as found in the articles of faith adopted at the beginning, and ever since retained. In the early days, this soundness was not always conceded to us. Not only were our churches stigmatized in certain quarters as "abolition," but heretical. They were denounced as unsound and irregular: an exchange of pulpits, even such pulpits as were found in school-houses and court-houses, was in some cases refused.

"Congregationalism tends to Unitarianism" was the whisper industriously circulated. When this was nailed to the wall by an appeal to the true history of Congregationalism in New England, the shift was. "Congregationalism at the West is not what it is in the East. It is all right there, but out here it is

loose and irregular." And, to our chagrin, this charge was partly believed, even at the East. When we most needed confidence and sympathy, there was, in some quarters, somewhat of coldness and distrust. Among some of the good Eastern fathers, to whom appertained, as they seemed to think, the steadyng of the ark, was the feeling that hardly any good thing could come from the West.

But these things have passed away. Our practice since has confirmed our professions at the first. We have long been recognized, fellowshiped at the East, as sound in the faith. But for the savor of boasting in it, we might have mentioned the present standing of Western Congregationalism, and the present fellowship between the Eastern and the Western, as, in part, at least, among the results of Iowa home missions.

In view of what has now been said, it can easily be seen how correspondence with Eastern bodies by delegates was appreciated. It is appreciated now; but in former days it had a more precious significance. At first we were few in number, coming from fields new and widely separated. We made provision for a seat with us of delegates from foreign bodies, which were then mainly in the East. Isolated as we were, and in our peculiar circumstances, it was joyous to see each others' faces; but for years no living man from the far East found us in our distant home.

At length there came one D. Shepley—a godly

man from a conference in Maine. He was acquainted with some of our number in their youth, and, of course, had confidence in them. As he looked in upon us,²⁰ and was among us in our prayers, our plans and our labors, his heart was moved. He took us to his bosom. He poured forth his prayers for us, and gave his counsels to us. He promised to take us back with him in his heart, and commend us to the confidence of the old home churches. That was Christian salutation and fellowship indeed! In later years there would sometimes be one, sometimes two. Their names stand recorded upon our minutes. Some of them have gone to the greater gathering above; but their faces and their words are still fresh in our memories. Those were the days in which Christian greetings were precious. In these later times, in our printed lists, the names of delegates, secretaries, etc., are not a few, and our body sometimes puts on quite an imposing aspect; but those who come now are not to us exactly what the first and the few in the early days were.

As would be naturally supposed, the meetings of our Association have been characterized by a high degree of Christian love and harmony. Many things have combined to make them so. In earlier years, the majority of our number were old friends and classmates. They had happily coalesced with those on the field before them. Others coming, as happily

²⁰ The Association at Dubuque, 1850,

became one with them all. So it came to pass that there was a unity of sentiment, purpose and plan, unusual in a Western body; while the early friendships and affections formed, combined with the peculiar circumstances of a new country and new fields, gave to the meetings such zest and earnest Christian fellowships as would hardly be looked for, and would seem almost rude, in an Eastern body. "The best of all," said a daughter of one of the missionaries, when old enough to attend one of these meetings,—"the best of all was to see them shake hands, the first night, after the sermon." If some of the older ministers should be called upon to give some of their happiest reminiscences, they would not forget their journeys of a hundred or two hundred miles to and from the Association, and of the pleasing incidents met with while in attendance. One could tell you that he went on foot nearly two hundred miles, and felt paid for the journey. Others can remember long horseback rides, the fording of streams, and the rude yet genial entertainment at night in the log cabin by the way, whose latch-string was always out. When buggies were introduced, and bridges began to be built, it was an "age of progress."

In the business of these meetings, seldom has there been a jar of angry debate or strife in all these twenty-five years. Differences of opinion have, of course, been expressed, but with Christian courtesy, and, in the decisions that have been reached, care has been

taken that the views of all should, as far as possible, be regarded. If it is good for "brethren to dwell together in unity," in looking back through the long series of these annual meetings, there is little to regret, and much to be recalled with pleasure.

They have been characterized by a spirit of prayer and devotion. For years, the first evening was spent in prayer for the presence of the Master. The need of his presence was peculiarly felt in the early days. Experience soon taught that a meeting of friendly greetings simply, without the presence and spirit of Christ, must be a failure. The practice of an opening sermon soon crowded out this hour of prayer on the first evening; but it found, perhaps, a better place. It was put, and has stood for years, in the middle of the forenoon of each day's session. There it takes the freshness of the morning. It is the hour, if any, that friends in the place can spare to pray with their guests. Though interrupting business, it steadies it for the day. It gives tone to the exercises of the whole meeting. It is the hour of all others in which all wish to be present. With no pride, but with joy, we see that this practice of putting an hour of prayer into the best part of the day has in some cases been copied by other religious bodies. It can be recommended to all.

Among the best features of these annual gatherings has been the attendance of the wives. This was especially true in the early times. And why not? As

the brother got up his horse and buggy to start on his journey of a hundred miles or so, along which he would find other brethren to start with him, why should he go alone? Why not take along his young wife, and their one child? Will not the journey, and the visits by the way, be just as refreshing to her as to him? Is there not a communion of sisters as well as of brethren? The hallowed influences of these annual assemblies,—are they not as needful and useful for the wives as the husbands? At an early day, the general understanding was that the wives, too, should come. They did come, renewing old and forming new friendships, recounting the goodness of God in the past, and gathering new strength, hope, courage and consecration, that made them better helpers in the home mission work.

If in this, too, other bodies have copied our example, we think no harm has come of it. But times have changed. Family cares have increased. Modes of travel have changed, becoming more expeditious, but more costly, too. The field has enlarged. Not every mother and wife can go now, but the attendance of the sisters is still a feature of the Iowa Association, profitable alike to them, their companions and the churches. They have their separate meetings for prayer, while, in the regular hours of devotion, the volume of supplication is increased by the silent uplifting of their hearts, with those of the brethren, to God. By the light of their cheerful faces, homes are

opened to a more cordial hospitality, they helping in many ways to make the meeting of the Association a pleasure and a blessing in any place where it is held. Often, in some house or hall, are social fellowships added to the religious. Acquaintances and friendships are formed, ties of affection are strengthened, and Christ's kingdom as well.

Lest any one may think the picture is overdrawn by one who has for years been in and of them, let the testimony of a stranger, whose field of labor is at the East, but who came to us once bearing the greetings of his brethren, be given.²¹ He says, "A few years ago, I had the privilege of attending the Annual Meeting of the General Association of Iowa. There are no more self-denying and faithful missionaries of Christ anywhere than were represented there,—the patriarchal 'Father Turner' at the head, apparently the youngest of them all. How those weather-beaten men and women talked and prayed! How they laid hold of each other, and of any casual stranger who might be present, without waiting for formal introduction, when the moderator announced that the time had arrived for the miscellaneous shaking of the hands all around the house! How enthusiastically they united business and enjoyment! How tenderly they sang their parting hymn, standing around the table where together they had partaken of the sacramental emblems of a Saviour's love, breaking forth

²¹ E. K. Alden, Secretary A. B. C. F. M.

spontaneously into song during the sacramental feast!" Those hymns, those songs, we may add, are all the sweeter because the voices of the wives are mingled in them.

But let no one think that these Associational meetings consist only in the rhapsodies of Christian fellowship, communion and prayer. There is business, too. The printed minutes furnish abundant evidence that another marked feature of the Iowa Association has been its prompt and decided action from time to time upon the vital questions of the day. On all such subjects as the Sabbath, intemperance, slavery, the Mexican war, the Rebellion, etc., its testimony has been given with no uncertain sound. Resolutions upon resolutions on these topics might be copied, were it necessary.

Out of the necessities that have arisen in the practical working of things in this new field this Association has initiated policies, and recommended measures, afterwards approved and adopted by the denomination throughout the land. More than one instance could be named; but the most important is that of "church-building at the West." No wonder, that, by those on the ground, the absolute necessity of houses of worship should early be felt, and that it should be thought that aid in building them, as well as in sustaining the gospel ministry, was wise policy.

As early as 1845, more than twenty years ago, an able report was presented, recommending this policy

to our Eastern friends. The policy was resisted. No place was found for the report by any of the leading papers. Our friends were fixed in the position, "If we help sustain your ministers, you must build your own churches."²² Six years later, another report was made, drawn by the same hand,²³ reaffirming the old positions, with additional facts. This found a hearing. Other testimony, from other quarters, was of course given. Soon after came the Albany Convention, and then light began to dawn. Before the Albany fund, however, we had already our Iowa plan, and an Iowa fund in progress. Now the Congregational Union²⁴ has this as its special work.

No thanks in all this to us, and no cause for boasting. We only see in it that God, by the force of circumstances, and the necessities developed by his providence, was teaching his people. If we do not, in some respects, have better plans and better churches in these Western fields than are found elsewhere, then woe be to us; for in that case we must be dull scholars indeed.

But we will not dwell longer on these pleasing recollections of our Associational meetings. The plans of those first three ministers were not too large, nor were their expectations visionary. They believed that there would be a General Congregational Association of Iowa. As a realization of their faith, we

²² Note No. 10.

²³ O. Emerson.

²⁴ Now the Congregational Church Building Society.

have a body, we may modestly suggest, highly respectable as to numbers and talent, and characterized, we trust, by a goodly measure of Christian zeal and devotion, whose opinions and recommendations are of weight among its churches, and respected in the land. It is already so large as to suggest the coming necessity of a division. But "not till we are dead," say some of the oldest members; "we don't wish to see it." How long some of us are to labor, and what the necessities of the future are to be, God only knows. To him let there be given praise for the past, and in him let there be trust for the time to come.

CHAPTER XIII

THE IOWA ASSOCIATION. WHAT IS IT NOW?

IT is greatly enlarged, of course. We who are now living do not wonder at it. It is but a part of the wonderful growth which has been going on in all things about us,—a growth far beyond the expectations of those who were at the beginning of things fifty years ago, in small communities that had not felt or even dreamed of the impulse that was to come to a new state from railroads, the telegraph, telephones, and al' the appliances of mechanical skill and genius to develop the unknown resources of the land they were possessing.

They doubtless had faith in the future, but how short of the realities must their boldest imaginings have been! As an illustration of this, space is here given for an extract from a letter written by one of those workers in the early days. The letter by its date suggests to us the author. It is our Brother Lane, of course, who, with his good wife, had begun housekeeping with dry-goods boxes for chairs and tables,—and but a little over six months after he entered upon his work has been preaching where, and to whom? No church building, no audience but a mere handful. It

is 1844: the General Association but a year or two old; of minor associations, but two, one for northern, the other for southern Iowa; the Northern just formed, his own church of a dozen or so not yet a member of any. Perhaps, as he sits down to write, it is Monday morning, and he has been thinking of his Sabbath work and the small beginnings around him. Oppressed? Discouraged? Just a little, for a moment, it may be. And yet it is not like him. Possibly a map is before him of Iowa as it then was. If so, his eye rests upon such places as Tipton, Bloomington, and such counties as Jones, Clayton, etc., where the brethren were, and all of them, like himself, in small things. Yes, it is just possible that for his own cheer and courage he sets himself to thinking what in the blessing of God there might be in the future, and so he would pen a few lines for himself and the brother to whom he wrote. At any rate he did write as follows:

Keosauqua, Van Buren Co., July 31, 1844.

We shall be continually sending for new volunteers from Eastern theological seminaries to take possession of the new counties in the New Purchase, and the occasional parishes, which by the blessing of God, we hope to make here in the vicinity about us. Do not think, my dear brother, that I am scheming, that we are going to make parishes here, as easily as a farmer will enclose forty acres of land, and then put ministers into them as readily as the farmer could put tenants upon his enclosed fields. We shall do no such thing. We are hoping, however that the Great Head of the Church will do this work for us. I believe the time is not far distant, when this work will be done. Sometimes I try and wrap myself up in the future, and by contemplating what *will be*, take courage to labor for the *time being*. Now I am sitting in some well furnished,

spacious church; a large congregation is convened to listen to the reports from various churches; one numbers 200 members, another 150, others 140, 100, 59, 66, 300, 317, etc. Pastors have been settled fifteen, twenty, and thirty years, revival has succeeded revival, and all is indicative of prosperity within the bounds of the association assembled. Delegates from sister associations are there. Brother Salter (locks whitened with age) addresses the audience, representing Zion's prosperity in northern Iowa. Brother Turner ("leaning upon the top of his staff") gives an account of what God has done for his people in Jones County. Brother Hill, from Clayton, although bald-headed, yet retaining nearly all the physical vigor of youth, makes a speech. Brother Alden represents Tipton; Brother Robbins, Bloomington. The ten are there and the voice of each is heard. Then, in view of the past, we will exclaim 'Bless the Lord, O our souls, and all within us bless his holy name.'

This association adjourns on Friday, Oct. 12, 1890. Shall we live to see this? No matter whether we do or not, something similar to that now described will exist in the churches in Iowa, without doubt. If we see it not in this world, God grant that we may look down from heaven and see it!

Written in 1844, the imagined meeting of the Association was placed in 1890. "Shall we see it?" was the question. No, not all were permitted to see it, he himself among the number. But if permitted from heaven to look down, what did he see in 1890? He beheld the General Association holding its semi-centennial at Des Moines, a point at the time of his writing so far west in the Indian country as to be known only as "Racoon Forks," where there was a fort. "A spacious church?" Yes, large enough to accommodate an assemblage not simply from the old Black Hawk Purchase with the New Purchase just added, but from over the whole state. More pastors, more churches and larger ones than he had dared to dream

of; a time when in sermon and papers were rehearsed fifty years of Congregational work in a new and rising Commonwealth. Could he have been there he with reason doubtless would have said, "Bless the Lord, O my soul!" And now it is 1901. To 1890 eleven years have been added. The three churches, little at first, are over three hundred now, with a membership of over 30,000, absentees not reckoned. To the three pastors with one licentiate then, there have been added and now stands a long, long list. They are held as yet in one body, for one annual gathering from year to year. And what is the Association now compared with what it was years ago? In every respect not exactly the same. This in the nature of the case could not be.

With the increase of wealth and material prosperity great changes have come. The cabins with their latch-strings out have gone, giving place to dwellings of comfort, to residences palatial, some of them, where for a stranger to look for hospitality would be intrusion. Telegraphs, telephones and the railroads are here changing almost completely our modes of business and travel. No longer now at Association time, as to an appointed Mecca, do the brethren pursue their journeys on horseback or in buggies, fording streams, toiling over wide prairies with eager expectations of hearty greetings awaiting them. No longer, with here and there an exception, is it possible for brethren to be bound together by the peculiar ties of

pioneer experiences. No, the frontier times are gone. There are other things that have gone. It was once the custom to exchange delegates with corresponding bodies. This no longer obtains. Gone, too, are the good old Sabbaths together. In former times of primitive modes of travel, many could not attend the Association meetings without being from home two preaching days, so, for their accommodation, and what proved to be of benefit to all, the meetings were put towards the end of the week and continued over the Sabbath following. The Sabbath dawn found business transacted and brought a day of quiet rest and worship together. Precious days! But this, too, has changed, so easy is it now by railroad travel to come and go in midweek.

Other slight changes there have been, but on the whole the old, the essential characteristics are the same. The atmosphere of free good-fellowship yet remains; the spirit of Christian courtesy and harmony yet prevails. The ministers of Iowa as a rule love their Iowa work. The churches, as they send up their delegates and other members to the annual assemblies are more and more interested in them. The last gathering was at a point on the banks of the great river. A church not of the largest was represented by nearly twenty of its members, and some were there, both ministers and laymen, whose homes were over two hundred miles away. The old spirit of devotion has by no means died out. The daily prayer-meeting

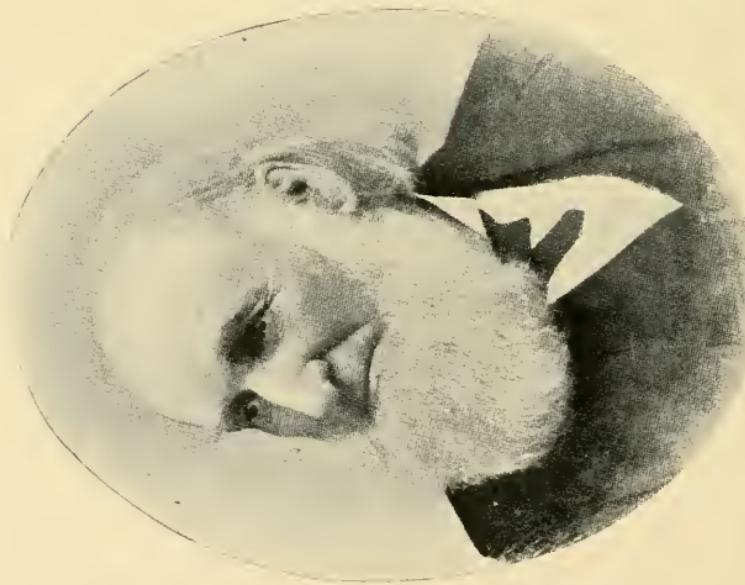
still stands where, years ago, in the constitution, it was put, in the middle of the forenoon, the best hour of the day, its exercises of all others the best attended. At the close of each meeting, with united hands and hearts, the old hymn is sung, "My days are gliding swiftly by," which for years has been a reminder of those who have passed to the Shining Shore, and an inspiration for better work "while the days are going." Yes, these good Association meetings. There is a power in them when filled with the presence of the Master. The fellowships engender strength for the year to come. On many a field where otherwise there might be a lonely work, the sympathetic chord of fellowship is felt. The writer must here be allowed again out of his own experience to testify to their value. As thirty-one years ago, in 1870, so now in 1901, he can say that beginning in 1844 it has been his privilege, with one exception, to be present at them all; a privilege, indeed, in view of benefits received and pleasing memories recorded. Let God be thanked. To every young minister he would say, Be an Association man. Cultivate acquaintance and cooperation with the brethren. Lead your church along the same lines. Church autonomy within its limits is good, but there is a fellowship of brethren and churches not to be forgotten.

The few illustrations given of church buildings that were, and that now are, will suggest in material things, at least, the progress made.

George A. Gates, 1887-1900

PRESIDENTS OF IOWA COLLEGE

George Frederick Magoun, 1865-1884



CHAPTER XIV



IOWA COLLEGE

THE home missionary is not only bold in his plans, but it is curious to see how, as by instinct, his plans run in certain directions. Given a Puritan descent, a Yankee training and a sanctified culture in New England institutions, and one may know beforehand, as to certain things, at least, what he will be doing when first put into a new and Western field.

"If each one of us can only plant one good permanent church, and all together build a college, what a work that would be!" So said one of the Band, as they were contemplating their Western work. So, too, those already in the field had been thinking: for, at the close of one of the first meetings held at Denmark after the arrival of the Band, they were invited

to tarry a few moments to listen to plans for founding a college. A little surprised were they, and not a little gratified.

Here was the beginning of Iowa College. Thus far back in home missions in Iowa must we go for its inception.²⁵ This mere seed, as it germinates, takes root, springs up and grows, will develop still further workers, workings and results. Like many another Western college that is now a power and glory in the land, it took its start out of prayer and toil in the days of pioneer missionary labor. It strikes its roots back into the faith and self-denial of the early churches, taught by the ministers to water it with their prayers and their gifts; of its early teachers and professors, too, who consented to nurture it as a part of mission work, and one involving in those days no less of self-denial and toil than any other. These are features in this institution, which, thank God, have not yet died out. To present a true view of this college, especially of its earlier history, will help to bind it anew to the affections of its friends and may recommend it to the confidence of those whom God has enabled, and who love, to endow such institutions. It may inspire the feeling that an institution so planted and nurtured must have the blessing of the Lord within it.

But to draw the picture with each color and shading true to facts and experience is another of those things that by no human possibility can ever be done.

²⁵ Note No. II.

From recollection and records a few things only can be given. After the meeting alluded to, nothing was done till the following spring.

March 12, 1844, a meeting of ministers and others "interested in founding a college" was held at Denmark, of course, for this was at that day the center of all things. The plan proposed and approved was to find a tract of land subject to entry, in some good location, obtain funds for its purchase, and then sell it out in parcels at an advanced price to settlers favorable to the object; thus securing an endowment for the institution and a community in which it might prosper. A suitable location, therefore, was the first object. A committee²⁶ of exploration was appointed, with power, when ready to report, to call another meeting. The call was issued for April 16, 1844, and embraced the Congregational and New School Presbyterian ministers in the territory, the most of whom were in attendance. So favorable was the report of the committee, and so unanimously were all previous plans approved, that the brethren resolved themselves at once into an association, under the title of "Iowa College Association," with suitable rules and regulations, and appointed Asa Turner as agent to go immediately to the East to obtain the necessary funds with which to pay for the land, agreeing by formal resolution to defray his expenses from their own scanty resources.

²⁶ I. A. Reed, chairman.

It would not be of interest to mention in detail the precise date and circumstances of each successive meeting in respect to the enterprise thus started. It is sufficient to say that this College Association took charge of it, until, in due time, it was committed to a board of Trustees empowered to fill its own vacancies, and add to its own number. The two denominations named were represented in due proportion in this board, and continued to be so represented, until, in process of time, from causes affecting their relations to each other in the country at large, the practical interest of the Presbyterian brethren in the institution diminished, and they gradually withdrew from its councils. Thus the college came to be exclusively, as in point of interest and support it mainly had been from the first, the foster-child of the Congregationalists; and as such its history will be given.

The agent, of whose appointment we have spoken, repaired at once to the East, going directly to Boston. But he was not to succeed. The College Society, so called for the sake of brevity, had just been formed, with a view to systematizing and regulating appeals at the East in behalf of Western colleges.

Its friends, at a called meeting,²⁷ disapproved of the plans of the agent, and recommended that a good location should be first secured, the best for a college, irrespective of other considerations; that donations should be called for outright, a beginning be made,

²⁷ For minutes of that meeting see Appendix II.

and that the institution trust to the patronage of the Society and of friends whose liberal endowments could eventually be secured. It seemed like losing a grand opportunity, but the agent returned. The Western brethren, with some reluctance, yet cordially, yielded to the judgment of their Eastern friends, some of whom had had experience in the West.

What the result would have been had their own plans been carried out, it is impossible, of course, to tell; but, as they look now at one of the most flourishing inland towns of the state, upon one of our principal railroads, with its water-power, its timber, and its prairie, filled and surrounded by an enterprising population, right where it was proposed to purchase the college lands, they are wont to say to each other, "That is where we talked of starting our college; that is where, with a few dollars, we might once have started and endowed it."²⁸ What would have been the outcome of a beginning there on the plan proposed, we do not know. There might have been success; there might have been failure. One thing is certain: the plan actually adopted involved beginning at the very lowest round of the ladder, whence every step upward was of necessity by the hardest."

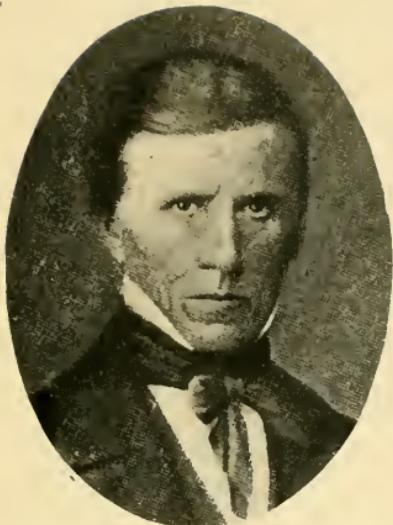
The thing was first to get a location — a location for a college, without a dime besides, a cent even, or a promise, save as there was faith in prayer and toil. In a year or two, the minds of all were agreed upon

²⁸ Independence, Buchanan Co.

a point, which, at that day, for ease of access and beauty of situation, stood forth without a rival. In 1846 it was voted to locate at Davenport, "provided the citizens would raise fourteen hundred dollars, and provide certain specified grounds for a location." Each individual, moreover, was to raise, if possible, one hundred dollars among his Eastern friends, or elsewhere. A board of trustees was at this time elected.

This was the beginning of work, and much hard work, with slow progress. The next year, in 1847, it was found that the citizens of Davenport had pledged thirteen hundred and sixty-two dollars and thirteen lots: otherwise little had been accomplished. The proposed location was secured, and instructions given "to plan and erect a building, which shall be a permanent college building, in good taste, and which, when enclosed, shall not exceed in cost the sum of two thousand dollars."

One may smile at the idea of a permanent college building in good taste, within the cost, when enclosed, of two thousand dollars: but that was a day of small things; and where even this amount was to come from, none could tell. The trustees and members of the College Association pledged themselves to make up any deficiency there might be, not over six hundred dollars,—a resolution to this effect having been unanimously adopted, and signed by each one present. Such was the care taken that all liabilities



Preserved Wood Carter,
First large Donor



Prof. Erastus Ripley,
First Principal and Professor



Prof. Leonard Fletcher Parker,
Professor since 1856



Josiah Bushnell Grinnell,
Founder of Grinnell

IOWA COLLEGE PIONEER HELPERS

should be seasonably provided for, and no debts incurred. The building was erected, and the bills paid.

In November, 1848, a school was opened, under the charge of the Rev. E. Ripley, elected as professor of languages, with a salary of five hundred dollars a year. There were appropriate opening exercises, including an address and dedicatory prayer. It was a windy, wintry day. Not many were present, but a few were there, with hearts full of gratitude to God for all success hitherto in the enterprise wherein by faith was seen a college for Iowa. As the brethren met together in their homes, as they came to their annual association, they began to say "our college." They had need to say it; for contingent expenses, salary, etc., far exceeded the amounts received for tuition. Besides, improvements must be made, and more teachers employed.

Here began the years of anxiety and labor—teachers toiling, trustees planning, and the executive committee trying to execute, meeting often, with much to be done, but never able to do it. When they could do nothing else, they could at least pray. So they worked and prayed and worked. Every year, as the churches came together in their annual association, the story of the college was told, its wants rehearsed, and their prayers and alms besought. This was not without response.²⁹

In 1849 there were subscribed for it four hundred

²⁹ Note 12.

and forty-two dollars and sixty-five cents—all but four of the subscribers being ministers; and the minutes of that year show the whole number of ministers to have been twenty-one. In 1850, at the meeting of the association in Dubuque, there were reported, besides the preparatory department, twenty-eight students in Latin, eight in Greek. There, too, it was told how the baptism of the Spirit had been sent down upon the infant college as the seal of God's approval. There, also, was reported the first noonday prayer-meeting of the students—a meeting, which, with little interruption, has been kept up to this day, while many succeeding revivals have been enjoyed. As the old tale of pecuniary embarrassment was there told, hearts were opened for relief, and four hundred and fifty dollars were pledged. In the minutes of that meeting it stands recorded that "the wives, also, of the ministers, anxious to share in the enterprise of founding this college, resolved to raise a hundred dollars out of their own resources; and seventy dollars were subscribed by fourteen persons who were present." "It was a great sum then," said one of them, years afterwards; "it was a great sum then, five dollars, but I managed to pay it."

So it went on for years afterwards. In 1852 a hundred and fifty-three dollars were raised; in 1853, seven hundred and eleven dollars. In this year came the first decided help from abroad—the donation from Deacon P. W. Carter of Waterbury, Connecti-

cut, of five thousand and eighty dollars. It seemed a great sum. The interest of this, and the aid which the College Society began to give, together with the avails of our own efforts, would have given relief, only that increasing wants kept pace with increasing means.³⁰

New professorships were established from time to time, till, in 1855, there were four professors.³¹ By this time the original site had been abandoned, a new one of ten acres secured, and an elegant stone building, with a boarding-house, erected upon it. This change was caused by the persistence of the city authorities of Davenport in thrusting a street through the grounds first occupied. The second site chosen was divided and injured in the same way. About this time the institution was unfortunate in trusts reposed in one of its officers. As the state settled up, there were prejudices in the interior against a river location for an institution of learning; and the feeling began to prevail that, among the people of the place, it did not have so congenial a home as it ought.

As the result of these combined circumstances, it was decided, in 1858, to sell out, and seek for a new site. God, in his providence, had one in preparation. A few years previous, in the heart of the state, a colony had settled with the express purpose of establishing, and at the outset had made provision for,

³⁰ Note 13.

³¹ Note, 14.

an institution of learning. Here a school had already been commenced. After due thought and much prayer, it was concluded, with the general approval of all parties interested, that the fountain opened by the Father of Waters should be united with the rill of the prairies. Accordingly, from 1859, Grinnell, Iowa, has been the seat of Iowa College.

We will not follow its history in detail for the next ten years. There are two noble college buildings in an area of twenty-two acres, to which the verdure of growing shade-trees adds increasing beauty from year to year. The location is on the border of a village whose pride is the college. The intelligence, morality and affectionate good will of the people make it a fit place for the education of the sons and daughters of Iowa.³² The names of two hundred and ninety of them are found enroled as members of the institution during the past year, more than half of whom are in the collegiate and preparatory departments.

There are eight instructors — the president, four professors, a principal of the preparatory department, a principal of the ladies' department, and one tutor. In the library there are over four thousand volumes, besides the smaller libraries of the literary societies of the college. The apparatus, though far from what it should be, is yet sufficient to illustrate the principles of natural philosophy, chemistry and astronomy;

³² In it there has never been a saloon, and, if title deeds can prevent, there never can be,



First College Building at Davenport
Second College Building at Davenport
Iowa College, Grinnell, before the Cyclone in 1882
BEGINNINGS OF IOWA COLLEGE

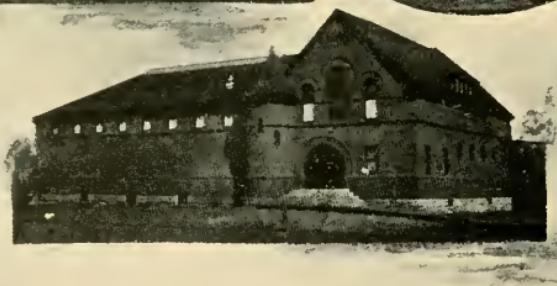
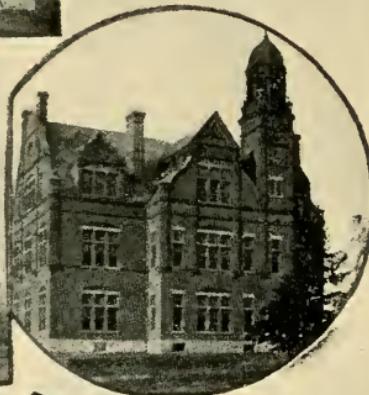
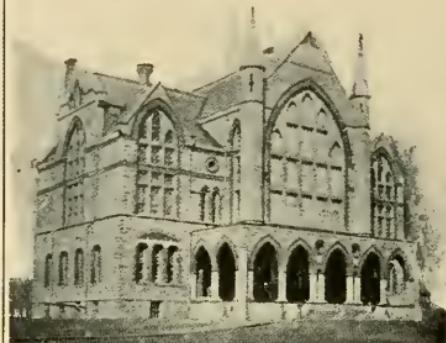
while admirable collections have already been made in mineralogy, zoology, botany, etc., which are arranged in a cabinet of rare attraction and taste. On the walls of the college library are the portraits of Carter and Williston, as among the chief donors to the college. The names of Grimes, Ames, Dodge, Richards, Merrill, Butler and Barstow may be fitly recorded here, as of those who have largely contributed to its funds; and perhaps others not known to the writer are equally deserving of mention.

The college property, in the aggregate, now amounts to one hundred and sixty thousand dollars, more than half of which is productive. The list of graduates is not long; but they are already scattered over the land, occupying honorable positions in the various professions. The resources of the institution are as yet by no means ample. Its facilities must increase from year to year, to meet the growing demands upon it; but beholding it now, and calling to mind how hard it was to get together the two thousand dollars for the first humble building, remembering how the seed was sown, and by the nurture of what prayer and toil it has grown, the contrast is indeed pleasing. Grateful always is the memory of labors past, where results in the form of abounding fruits are seen.

Before closing this pleasing review, another reference may not be amiss to him in whose first endowment, in part, of the Carter professorship there was

such courage and cheer. It was the pleasing privilege of the writer to receive a portion of that gift at his own hands, and in his own home. He was a plain man, and his home of the olden stamp, somewhat old-fashioned in its air, but ample in comfort, without extravagance or display. Riding about the village one afternoon, in the old family carriage, he reined up his horse where a townsman was building a residence of great elegance and cost. Surveying it for a moment, "There," said he, "I might take my money, and build me a house just like that; but then, if I should, I should not have it to give to Iowa College." It showed that he had considered the question, and made his choice. Who will say, as he looks at Iowa College to-day, and thinks of him as having passed from earth, that the choice was not a good one?

O ye whom God has blessed with fortunes that are ample, now is the time of your choosing. If you wish to turn a portion of your means into some permanent, mighty power, that shall work for Christ in this and the ages to come, how more surely or better can you do it than to help to build in this Western land some Christian college? The tongues of missionaries and pastors sooner or later shall be silent in death; teachers change; but endowments in these Christian colleges will work on, work ever.



Blair Hall

Goodnow Hall (Library)

Rand Gymnasium for Women

IOWA COLLEGE BUILDINGS

Chicago Hall

CHAPTER XV

COLLEGE HISTORY CONTINUED. ITS GRINNELL PERIOD

IN the preceding chapter there was but a slight reference to the first years of the college at Grinnell. It will be necessary, therefore, at the commencement of this to speak of these more at length. Its work at Davenport was closed, as we have seen, in 1858. For about a year there was a state of transition. What did it take from its old, and what receive at its new location? As to its taking, in material things there was but little. Started as it was at so early a period, before a building for the common schools had been erected in the place, eleven years before any other college was more than thought of in the state, much could not be expected. There were no buildings, of course; no teachers, for they had resigned when instruction ceased. The books gathered for a library were but few. Its apparatus, philosophical, chemical, etc., was but scanty. As for funds, after payment of debts, there were left about \$9000. But it went with a good history. In those ten years at Davenport good work had been done. There had been ten graduates who, with other

students, had been trained by its four professors of ability and fitness for their position. The majority of those ten graduates are still living, one of whom took an active part in the forming of an Alumni Association recently organized on the Pacific shore. Besides its character and history it took its board of trustees. There went with it, too, the loyalty of ministers and churches whose hearts were in it, and back of it. As it went, it found a young community of intelligence and enthusiasm for education, with open arms to receive it. They had already a high school of thirty-five scholars in progress, with studies shaped for a higher institution in view. There was a parcel of land set apart for it, suitable for a college campus, and a building thereon in process of erection. These, with money subscriptions, they transferred to the college, the estimated value of the property being at the time \$36,000. Such was its new home.

Like a healthy plant transferred to a better soil, it at once took root and commenced to grow. In 1861 there was a freshman class of twelve. But then the war came. Soon all but two were in the field. Other young men came, but their minds turned feebly to Latin and Greek, while their thoughts were following those who had enlisted in their country's cause. Sometimes, when the news was sad, the recitation room even had no place for the lesson either for student or teacher, but gave way to a discussion of the situation, its responsibilities and demands. One after

another was missing. Where gone? To the war. As the thickening conflict was prolonged and the call for men became more urgent, twenty-six enlisted at one time,³³ their teacher at the head. The time came when all the male students of military age were bearing arms. They were found in fifteen different Iowa regiments and in some of other states. Their record as soldiers, and a tablet hanging inside the chapel door on which is inscribed the names of eleven that never returned, are witness to noble service rendered.

But in due time the war was over and college work was resumed. New students came and new professors were added. In 1865 there was the usual number of college classes, the seniors to graduate numbering fifteen. On their commencement day a new presence that had come to the college stood before them, that of its first president, George Frederick Magoun. Take it all in all, he was a rare man for the position. "A superb leader," says one;³⁴ "a man of the largest mould, with the culture of Bowdoin and Andover broadened by contact with the world."

The college strengthened and grew. Friendly donors appeared at home and abroad. Able professors were added; the roll of students enlarged. Their record showed the institution one for sound learning and

³³ The teacher referred to is Prof. L. F. Parker. He left behind what was more like a female seminary than a college, the special burden of which, added to that of domestic duties, came upon his noble wife, and was heroically borne.

³⁴ J. Irving Manett, Prof. of Greek in Brown University, Providence, R. I. In New England Magazine for June 18, 1898.

good character. Yet it had its misfortunes. In 1871 its first building at Grinnell, started for the Grinnell University, was destroyed by fire. In 1882 came the cyclone. In its path of destruction, in which, as in a twinkling, homes, like paper houses, were scattered in fragments, leaving thirty-six of their inmates killed and a hundred others maimed, the college campus, too, was struck, its trees mangled, its buildings left in ruins. The storm was over, but the morning light revealed a scene of desolation. It was the 17th of June, and all things were shaping for another graduation day. All eyes were now turned to what the leader should say. Now was the time for what there was in him to show itself. "Will you have commencement now?" was the question put. "Yes," came the full-toned reply. "Yes, we will go right on." Nobly was he supported by the faculty, and as nobly by the students, as, after helping as best they could to care for the wounded and the dying, they rallied for commencement day. Nor, as the college year came around, did they forget to return. It was noble in those students so to do, and noble for the community to spare no pains in helping them to homes and recitation rooms till better times should come. And they came. The cry of distress was heard in the land and not in vain. The buildings were restored and the work of the college went on till, in 1884, that of its first president was done.

There was an interregnum of three years before

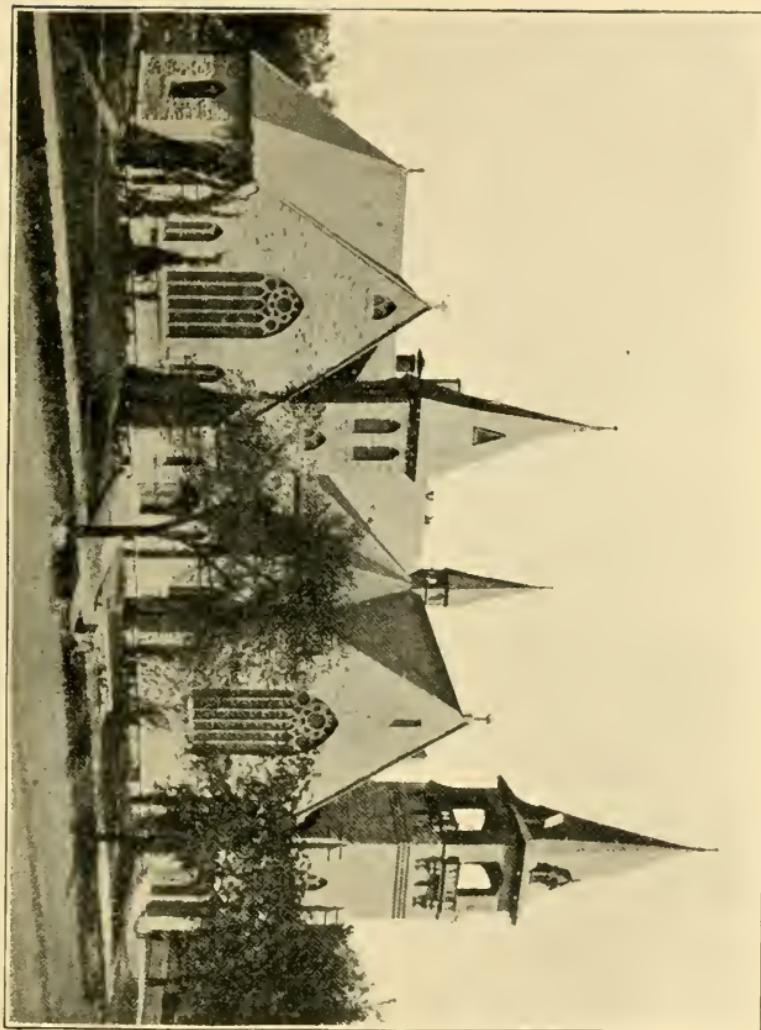
another was found. In 1887, the second president came, George A. Gates, just entering the prime of life. He came to the college as his life work. A man, the soul of honor, strong in his convictions and faithful to them. By his administrative tact and wisdom, trustees, faculty, students and graduates were brought into an increasing unity for the college. After thirteen years of faithful service it was a sorrow to him, as to all of us, that in 1900 regard for the health of his family compelled him to abandon his life-work and seek a different clime. During his administration there gathered over the college but one cloud. It rose from its connection with the chair instituted for "Applied Christianity." Here much in explanation could be written. Suffice it to say that the cloud has passed away. If the faith of any has been shaken by what has transpired, or through fears of what might be, let him be assured that the college has not been swerved from its old foundations. Neither faculty nor trustees have forgotten the motto upon its seal, "Christo Duce," as the only motto that can safely be followed in all our human affairs, educational as well as social and civil. For another leader under this grand motto the college is now looking.

It were easy here and pleasant, also, to note the names and characteristics of the different trustees, teachers and donors of the college, but brevity forbids. A few things only can be said and a few names called, mainly of those who have gone before. Of the trus-

tees, as the years have passed there have been seventy-six upon the Board, all of whom, with scarce an exception, have attended the meetings at their own charges, aggregating a pecuniary contribution to the college not unworthy of mention. At Grinnell, among the first to be added to their number was J. B. Grinnell, the founder of the place that bears his name, whose impulsive, pushing nature, with his enthusiasm and generosity, gave courage and hope alway. A man ever to be appreciated by town and college. There were, also, Holyoke, Herrick, Phelps; plain men of sound sense and good business judgment. Then in due time came Chamberlain, of clear judgment, also, who took to his heart the whole college—grounds, faculty, students and all—himself a sort of balance-wheel of the whole. The beautiful Chamberlain Park donated by him, on which was built the Mary Grinnell Mears Cottage, stands as his memorial.

Of the first teachers at Grinnell was L. F. Parker, who, though not in present service, yet continues till this day, professor emeritus, still sensitive to the life and interests of the college, respected by students and beloved by all. His two assistants, Herrick and Reed, have passed away. Another whose name stands upon every catalogue to this day is Prof. S. J. Buck, to the interests of the college ever faithful and true; the acting official between the two presidents. Afterwards came another Parker—H. W., the man of letters and poetic taste. We cannot help thinking of such superb

CONGREGATIONAL CHURCH, GRINNELL



teachers as Brewer and Crow and Simmons, who are no more. Others might be named, some living, some dead, some decoyed away by such colleges as Bowdoin and Dartmouth and Oberlin, by universities, as of Wisconsin and Nebraska—a loss yet a compliment to the college.

There is another class to be remembered, the alumni and alumnae. Here, at last, as to the real worth of a college is where the test comes; in the character and work of those sent forth for the world's service. Where are they, and what are they doing?

Iowa College is young, but her record is well begun. School, pulpit and press suggest the three great lines of power. It is in these that, after careful examination, within a slight fraction two-thirds of her graduates are found, in thirty-seven states, while six are in foreign lands. As an educating force it is one of the recruiting stations for that grand army of common school teachers, so called, who are working at the foundation of things, furnishing in the meantime her measure of superintendents and principals; sending comparatively not a few of her sons and daughters to positions in some of our leading colleges and universities, who by their writings, scientific and literary, are well known, in some cases abroad as at home.

Names are not to be paraded, yet a few will be pardoned, such as, beginning with older graduates, J. Irving Manatt of Brown University in Rhode Island; Jesse Macey, in his Alma Mater; H. C. Adams, in

Michigan University; O. F. Emerson, in Adelbert College, Cleveland; William Albert Noyes, of Rose Polytechnic Institute, Indiana, whose various writings have made him prominent as a chemist; George M. Whicher, teaching Greek and Latin in Packer Institute in Brooklyn, New York; Mary E. Snell, Principal of Snell Seminary, Oakland, California; Mary E. Apthorp, fifteen years in Oshkosh Normal School, Wisconsin; Elisabeth H. Avery, in Redfield College, South Dakota.

These are of the older graduates, but there are others younger in life coming along, with nothing in the way of equaling, if not surpassing, those before.

Of occupations filled by graduates there are twenty-two, all honorable and useful. As to numbers, that of the ministry stands fourth in rank. Here, if there is not a show of star preachers, there is what is better, a body of faithful, good workers in the vineyard. And so of attorneys, not quite but nearly equal in number to ministers. Sound, high-minded lawyers are useful and needed; the Christian college helps to make such, and such there are. The roll of missionaries is gratifying, both as to number and character. It begins with Hester A. Hillis, sister of Dr. Hillis of Brooklyn, who went to India, followed by George E. White and his wife, also a graduate, who are at Marsovyan, Turkey; George D. Marsh, of Bulgaria; Mary E. Brewer, in Sivas, Turkey; so on down to Henry H. Atkinson, now with his wife on his way to Harpoot.

For journalists, the Review of Reviews at once suggests the name of Albert Shaw, as editor. The list here is not long, but a few there are scattered about as editors of their own or on the staff of city papers, as Davidson, Kasson, Bartlett, Ray, W. A. Frisbie at Minneapolis; and Warren C. Baker, whose pen did good service among the forces that prevented the Louisiana Lottery from getting a foothold in North Dakota.

Of physicians, the list again is not long. But here, at once, comes the name of Hill—Gershom H.—who for twenty years past has been Superintendent of one of our asylums for the insane, and is himself yet sane. By his name is suggested another (because in college parlance the two are connected as the Hill boys) Rev. James L. Hill, D.D., who can be classed neither as minister nor journalist because acting in both capacities; having in a measure left the pulpit after two pastorates, in an aggregate of nineteen years, to be identified with the organization, literature and work of Christian Endeavor societies at home and abroad—a world-wide movement for the world service.

But enough of names; enough to show what the college deserves, judged by her fruits. Her record and standing are good. We do not say that it is the best in the state, (others say so), but we may in modesty claim that, as the oldest she has kept pace in the foremost ranks, and stands among the best. Her alumni and alumnae, mindful of the good received

from their Alma Mater, are loyal to her and she is not ashamed of them.

Figures and statistics often count for but little, but a few to represent what the college now is compared with what it was at the close of the preceding chapter, thirty-one years ago, must here be given. To the two buildings then, six others have been added, a house for the president included. To the campus of twenty-two acres, the beauty of which nature has kindly restored after the ravages of wind and storm, has been added Chamberlain Park of four acres on the east, and, for the athletic field on the north, fourteen acres, forty in all. Eight instructors then, its faculty now by last catalogue numbers thirty-six, besides eight other officials such as librarians, secretaries, etc. The four thousand volumes in the library have increased seven-fold and those of literary societies in like proportion. The catalogues of the college describing its astronomical observatory; its museum; its laboratories, biological, chemical and physical; its gymnasium (one for men and one for women); its library and reading room; its athletic grounds, etc.—fat volumes now compared to the lean ones of thirty-one years ago—are in evidence as to the apparatus and furnishings of a college. The total value of college property, in place of \$160,000 then, is now but a trifle short of \$800,000. Its list of graduates, not long then, is now nearing the thousand.

So stands the Iowa College of to-day, compared

with what it was when it began at Davenport, fifty-three years ago, in its two thousand dollar building, with one teacher and half a dozen pupils, no apparatus, no furnishings of any kind save the books to be studied. True, much toil, the lives even of some, and the best part of the lives of others not a few, have gone into it ; and noble gifts, too, of the living and the dead. But who can say to no account—wasted, thrown away? No. In view of the past and what, by the eye of faith, is seen as yet to be, the sentiment of one³⁵ who in the enthusiasm of youth gave herself to Home Missionary work for Iowa in territorial days, in the words, "Somebody must be built into these foundations," was a noble one. In this part of our Home Missionary work may the race of noble givers to it and faithful workers in and for it, never cease!

³⁵ Words of Mrs. J. J. Hill, first wife of the one who gave the first dollar to the College, and engraved upon her monument, where with her husband she lies sleeping in the Grinnell cemetery.

CHAPTER XVI

A RARE CHAPTER, AND SHORT

If, in conventions, speeches, reports and histories we are wont to speak and write as though only men were actors in the world, then is the present chapter rightly named; for we wish here expressly to acknowledge the influence and aid of the wives and sisters. As woman's work in the war forms one of the rarest chapters in the history of our late national struggle, so if in this chapter the influence alluded to in our Christian work in Iowa could be but truthfully and fully unfolded, it would indeed be the rarest chapter of all.

But fully to present the intense labor, the keen sympathy and efficient helpfulness of a home missionary's wife is not attempted. They can at most only be suggested. This began to be impressed on one of our earliest missionaries years ago, before, by happy experience, he knew what such help was, by a scene well worth describing. We will let him give it in his own words:—

“I was a young man, and it was the first year of my ministry. Traveling abroad one day, from my field of labor, I thought I would make the acquaintance

of a brother minister of whom I had heard, but whom I had never seen. I went to his house. It was made of logs, with a shingle roof, with one room below, and the usual loft. As I remember, it was about sixteen feet square, with a passage through it by a door on each side. On one side of the room was a stove, on the other a bed, with the usual display of kettles, dishes, hats, clothing, etc., found in such houses. The brother was not at home. His wife,³⁶ I was told, was above, and sick. I was invited to go up and see her. I did so, ascending by a laddler in one corner.

"There, sitting on her bed, having, with evident exertion, arranged her person for the reception of a stranger, was the missionary's wife, frail in form, pale and sickly in countenance. Her constitution was evidently fragile, and to her bodily suffering was no stranger. I shall never forget how she looked, nor with what womanly courtesy she received me. Her eye beamed hopefully; and her smile, though languid, was cheerful. Not a murmur did she utter, and scarcely an apology even for anything. An air of peace and contentment characterized her. I noticed that the whole roof was a little askew, as though it had been lifted up, and turned around, and let down again, with articles of clothing caught in the cracks.

" 'That,' said she, 'was done by a hurricane we had a few days ago. The wind blew terribly for a while I was here all alone, and thought once the house was going; but somehow I felt safe.'

³⁶ First wife of O, Emerson at De Witt, Clinton Co,

"Her husband, she said, had gone to the river to get a load of lumber. She was sorry he had to work so hard. He was lame, and not strong; but ministers in a new country had to do many things to which they were strangers elsewhere. 'The worst of it all is,' she said, 'I can't help him, I am sick so much. I feel so sorry when I think sometimes that I must be only a burden, and of no use to him.'

"Then she went on to speak, with her whole soul in it, of the missionary work in which he was engaged. I tarried for the night, and, in the morning, went on my way with a new insight into the realities of the mission work. Especially did I there begin to see how woman in patience could endure self-sacrifice, self-denial and toil, and how keenly, in every fiber of her being, she could sympathize in all her husband's plans and labors for Christ. In after years it was often my privilege to be in that family. Her health afterwards was better; and then I saw how a wife, in the fortitude of a trusting spirit, could cheer, encourage and help her husband in his work. In other cases I have often seen it, and as often asked, 'What could our brethren do without their wives?'"

The first draft made on the energies of home missionary wives is made through their keen sympathy with all that pertains to their husbands' work; the next is in connection with their family cares. It has often been remarked, and somewhat truthfully, that the hardships of a new country fall more heavily on

women than men. A Western farmer, as a general thing, can carry on his outdoor operations at the very outset quite as easily on his new Western farm as he could on the old and harder lands of the East. But, between the old Eastern homes and all the little home conveniences of a long-settled country, and the new log-cabin and the nameless discomforts of a new country, the difference is wide. Here it is that bricks are to be made without straw, and that the exigencies of a new country are especially hard upon women. The experience of home missionaries' wives is, in this respect, the same as that of others.

As was natural, among the all sorts of Yankee questions alluded to in the first part of this book, as having been asked by the "Band" prior to their coming West, were inquiries as to whether a missionary should be married or unmarried, and whether wives could be maintained and made comfortable. There came back but this one answer: "Wives are the cheapest thing in all Iowa. Bring wives! Bring Yankee wives, that are not afraid of a checked apron, and who can pail the cow, and churn the butter."³⁷

It would not be safe to say that every one here has been able literally to fill this bill; but it is safe to say that the rude and rough experiences of Western life have been, and are now being nobly borne by the wives of missionaries. For a newly married couple, just from the East, to begin housekeeping in two

³⁷ From Asa Turner,

rooms, with only a little stove, and some boxes for chairs and tables, is not much. There is a touch of romance in it, with hopes of better days. To see a missionary pastor's young wife, fresh from the delicacies of an Eastern city home,²⁸ at Association time, when ministers and delegates, and wives and children, come pouring in beyond the preparations of the village to accommodate them, call for a farm-wagon, take the reins herself, and scour the country for straw, till straw beds are provided, and placed in bedroom, entry and parlor even; to see the wives of the brethren turn in for days to help her, and then all go to meeting together—this, too, is well enough. There is a dash and novelty in it, that makes an occasion long and pleasantly to be remembered.

But let years roll on, children be born, and cares increase; let the days come when there is moving from house to house, and perhaps from place to place, till the little furniture, new at first, begins to be old; from year to year let the limit of the little salary be most plainly marked, and the increasing study be how to keep within it; let the necessity come for all sorts of contrivances, such as making washstands and toilet-tables out of boxes, turning worn garments, making over old ones for a new look, refashioning those of the older children for the younger—and missionary wives find that no small part of the missionary work and the missionary sacri-

²⁸ First wife of J. J. Hill at Garnavillo,

fice is theirs. Nobly have they borne it, till the bloom of youth has faded from many a cheek, yet cheerfully till some, overburdened, have fallen by the way.

But we have alluded only to the less important phases of their work. When a little church, with a young pastor and his wife, is started in a new village hitherto destitute of the means of grace, it is interesting to see what a change is soon wrought, and how a new and better order of things is in many respects speedily established. Children are gathered from Sabbath roamings to Sabbath-schools; young people, and sometimes older ones, too, let go their balls and dancing-parties for sewing-circles and church sociables; Christmas trees, children's gatherings of various kinds are introduced, prayer-meetings, too — the ladies' prayer-meeting and the church prayer-meeting.

Some among the flock are sick, or are in poverty and sorrow, and must be ministered unto; and some are to be buried with a Christian burial. Here opens a field for the wife. We may say, indeed, that she is under no obligation in these matters more than any others; that, when husbands agree to be ministers, wives do not; and that they ought not to be compelled to the double toil of parochial and domestic duties. All true; yet who would keep them from it? Who would be willing to spare this part of mission work? How great a part it is!

But we ought not here to speak of missionaries' wives alone. In all our churches there are two or

three women to one man. These churches at the outset, in the days of their feebleness, were composed, in many cases, of one or two brethren only, surrounded by a band of noble sisters. Where, then, was their strength? What wonder if there were some praying and talking then, and voting, too, other than that done by the brethren? If, in the days of our Saviour, woman ministered to him, and he honored her ministry, if Paul acknowledged his indebtedness to those women who helped him in the gospel, is it not well for us to remember how prominent has been woman's influence and work in the planting and rearing of the Iowa churches?

"Who is that?" was asked of a lady who had just admitted a stranger to her door. "It is the man I have long been praying for," was the reply. "He says he is a missionary sent by the Home Missionary Society." To this day that Christian woman is laboring with that then newly-arrived minister, in the firm belief that he was sent of God. So has it been with many another. Ministers have not only been obtained and supported, but churches have often been gathered, and meeting-houses built, more through the prayers and energies of the sisters than through those of the brethren. As the world goes, when battles are won, generals are praised, and private soldiers forgotten. But, in the kingdom of Christ, let it not be so. Let not the source of the rarest and best influence employed in the Master's service be unacknowledged.³⁹

³⁹ The experience of later years best confirms the truth of this chapter.

CHAPTER XVII

FRAGMENTS

MORE completely, if possible, to reveal to the reader the inner view of home missionary life, we present in this chapter a few incidents from the personal reminiscences and experiences of the brethren. Broken sketches, indeed, they will be, and diverse,—some joyous and some sad, some serious and some humorous, but all true to the life, because real. For some of these the writer is indebted to the brethren who have kindly furnished them; others he has culled from old numbers of *The Religious News-Letter*—the files of which are an honor to, as they are a record of, the Iowa churches, for the time in which it was published. Many a regret has there been that it ever ceased to be. From the pen of J. C. Holbrook there are, first, a few

REVIVAL REMINISCENCES

“Where'er we seek Him he is found,
And every place is holy ground.”

“I was once invited to assist a home missionary in a series of religious meetings, under peculiar circumstances. Although it was a considerable village,⁴⁰ yet

⁴⁰ New Diggins, Wis.

there was neither meeting-house, schoolhouse, hall, nor other room large enough to accommodate a congregation such as might be expected to gather, with the exception of a spacious ninepin alley. To the astonishment of everybody, and especially of the minister, the owner of that building, which joined the liquor-saloon, offered without solicitation the use of it for a protracted meeting, as long as it might be needed; and that, too, without any pay, although it was bringing him in an income of ten dollars a day.

"This offer was gladly accepted; and immediate arrangements were made for its occupancy. On my arrival at the place, I was conducted to this novel house of worship, which I found fitted up with seats made of rough boards arranged across the alley nearly the whole length of it. At one end a billiard-table was placed in position for a desk; while in one corner, behind the speaker's stand, were piled up the pins and balls. It was well lighted and warmed, and, on the whole, constituted quite an inviting audience-room; and when, as soon came to be the case, it was filled with attentive listeners, and pervaded by a spirit of true devotion, the original design of it was entirely forgotten. Here meetings were held every evening for preaching and for prayer and conference and inquiry during the day, for more than two weeks; and the Spirit of God condescended to be present, and render them profitable and delightful seasons,—seasons which will be remembered in eternity by

some, as probably among the most precious ever enjoyed on earth.

"Frequently we could hear the conversation and the noise of the toddy-stick in the saloon adjoining, separated from us only by a thin board partition; but so deeply interesting were our services, that these incongruous sounds did not disturb us, or divert attention from eternal things. Seldom have I enjoyed such services more, or seen more marked effects from them.

"During the progress of these meetings, there were many hopeful conversions — the exact number I do not remember; and it is an interesting and suggestive fact that among the converts was the son of the proprietor of the building in which we met. At the close of the series of meetings, a church was formed; and the record in the church book states that it was 'organized on — day of —, in Mr. —'s ninepin alley.' Subsequently, a house of worship was erected for this congregation. The minister, now deceased, and 'whose sun went down while it was yet day,' was afterwards called to a more important field, and was succeeded for a time by one who is now one of our ablest and most popular preachers.

"On another occasion I was called to aid a ministerial brother in a protracted meeting in a considerable farming settlement, where there was no church organization and no house of worship. The school-house being too small, it was decided to hold the services in a large barn, the weather being favorable.

There, day after day, we preached, the people occupying the barn floor, and, when that became too strait, resorting to the haymows and bays adjoining. Here, too, we enjoyed the presence of God, and a delightful work of grace was witnessed.

"At another time, while exploring the country with a brother minister, we came to a place of considerable importance at that day, in its own immediate vicinity, but occupied in the main by a most godless community. Still, there was a little leaven there. A small band of Christians, the remnant of a church that had once been organized there, were praying, and for weeks had been pleading for a revival of religion in the place. As soon as it was known by them that two ministers were in town, they at once took it as God's token for good, and immediately besought us, with an earnestness that would take no denial, to tarry, and begin without delay a protracted meeting.

"Not daring to refuse, we consented. Here, too, the only place of gathering to be found was a vacant storeroom in the center of the village. Here, in a dimly lighted room, with drinking and gambling saloons on all sides of us, like Paul and Barnabas, we preached the gospel for two weeks; during which the Spirit of the Lord came down and filled the place with the glory of his presence. More than thirty persons were converted, and a church was afterwards organized, a meeting-house built, and the morals of the place improved, as the result, we will not say of the

preaching, but of the earnest prayers of those few pleading Christians. From such cases we are constrained to say, Let bands of believers everywhere, even without ministers, be encouraged to pray, and trust the Lord for help; let ministers and churches not wait for new houses of worship or more favorable circumstances, but go to work in faith and hope with such facilities as they have, and the Lord shall bless them."

Often, in new settlements, it is interesting to note the changes wrought by the introduction of the gospel; and sometimes among the hardy but rough back-woodsmen there are marked conversions, showing the power of God to change the lion to the lamb. Illustrative of this, J. W. Windsor, of Durango, gives us a sketch under the title of

THE PET BEAR

"In the year 1845 I was preaching in the destitute neighborhoods of the lead-mining region west of Dubuque. On my first introduction to the settlement I found no religious services at all and no observance of the Sabbath. That day was usually spent as a holiday, in carousing and sporting. During the first year of my labor there, I did not know even a single family where the worship of God was observed. Many of the miners had dropped their proper names and

were known only by titles or names which indicated some distinguishing trait of their character, and which had been given them by their companions. In passing through a considerable tract of timber to reach the schoolhouse where I preached, I frequently met parties of hunters on a Sabbath morning, and could not fail to hear the oaths which mingled in their common conversation.

"After a while, in coming upon them suddenly, I could hear the suppressed 'Hush, hush!' and swearing would cease while I was within hearing. This was the first hopeful indication of an awakened conscience; and it seemed to me to be the dawn of a better state of things. Then, when they saw me coming, they would 'break and scatter.' Their dogs, however, told upon their masters; and I could not restrain a smile as my eye would detect a man here, and another there, trying to place a tree between me and himself, acting the squirrel to perfection. Here, too, I thought, is hope.

"It was not long after this when a passing shadow in the schoolhouse window or doorway, during preaching, would arrest the eye, and lead to the detection of listeners without. Then, a little bolder, and conscience a little more active, they would lean their rifles against a tree, and themselves stand out in full view, hearing what the preacher had to say, or would seat themselves on the doorstep; and finally they would venture into the house, leaving their guns out-

side, but still wearing powder-horn and shot-belt across their shoulders, and would sit quiet and attentive listeners.

"In the winter of 1847 we held a series of religious meetings. The Rev. J. C. Holbrook came out, and preached ten or twelve days. It was a memorable time in the history of that community. The word preached was attended with divine power; and many of the hardest characters bowed to the mild reign of the Saviour, and became new creatures in Christ Jesus.

"Among this number was 'The Pet Bear.' His proper name was Thomas B——. He was one of the early pioneers, a real backwoodsman, possessing a powerful frame; was just in the pride of life, a hard drinker, and one of the most profane men I ever knew, and a perfect slave to a passionate temper, that not unfrequently raged like a tornado. With him it was a word and a blow, often the last first.

"On several occasions I had attempted to converse with him on the subject of religion, but was answered by a volley of oaths; and I had learned to fear coming in contact with him. During the meetings, I turned out of my way one evening and stopped at his cabin door. He was there. I said to him, 'Mr. B., we are having some good meetings at the schoolhouse, and most of your companions attend. I wish you would come: we shall be glad to see you.' Without giving him an opportunity to reply, I bade him good-evening, and

walked on. To our astonishment, he entered the house with his wife. A solemn and searching sermon was preached, in which the guilt of the sinner was faithfully exposed, and the love of the Saviour clearly set forth. He listened attentively, and was evidently affected. Nothing was said to him; we shook hands, and he left for home.

"Early the next morning, one of the neighbors came to me and said, 'Mr. Windsor, I wish you would go and see "The Pet Bear!"' 'Why do you wish it?' I asked. He replied, 'There is something the matter with him. He came home from meeting last night like a fury. He sat down in a chair before the fire, and he has been there all night. I do not know what it is, but he is weeping like a child. As I was passing, his wife came out and whispered to me to ask you to come and see him.'

"With silent prayer that God would teach me how to meet him, and what to say, I hastened to his cabin, and there found him sitting with his head bowed on his hands, between his knees, and the tears trickling down between his fingers and falling on the hearth-stone. I drew my chair up to him, and asked him kindly to tell me the cause of his distress. After a pause, he looked up in my face; and, with a look and emphasis I shall never forget, he said, 'O Mr. Windsor! I am the most wicked and the most wretched sinner in the world, and I don't know what to do; can you tell me?'

"I endeavored, in a plain, simple way, to show him the love of the Saviour, and his readiness to pardon all who came to him sick of sin, and who desired to break away from it, and give him their love, and obey him. He listened, and, with a strange expression, said, 'What! you make me believe that he came to seek and to save such a lost sinner as I am?'

"'Yes,' I replied: 'he came to save the chief of sinners, who repent and hope in his mercy.'

"'Ah! but,' he urged, 'you do not know what a wicked sinner I have been.'

"'No,' I replied; 'but the Saviour does; and he says to you, "Come unto me: I will in no wise cast you out."

"I spent nearly the whole day with him. He became calm, and listened like a little child. In a few days he had intelligently given himself to Christ, and felt by joyful experience that the blood of Jesus could cleanse even such a desperate sinner as he was.

"He was no longer 'The Pet Bear,' having by grace put on the nature of the lamb; constraining all around to exclaim, 'What hath God wrought!' He said to me, 'My cabin is small, but it is at your service. Come and preach in it: come and hold a Sabbath-school in it. I do n't know much, and should make out poorly teaching others; but I can talk about what Jesus Christ has done for me. You know,' he said, "'The Pet Bear" has been a faithful servant of the devil a great many years: now it is God's turn.

I hope to become as faithful a servant to him as ever I was to my old master. I want you to tell me what I can do. I never was afraid of a man; and, since God has made me strong to work for him, ought I ever to be ashamed to tell what a wonderful work he has wrought in me?"

"'You see,' he said, 'I have been thinking it over, and I know I shall have a hard row to hoe. I know it will be up stream with me all the way. But then I have a sure Pilot if I only listen to him; and when I find the stream too rapid, why, I shall paddle to shore, and tie up to Jesus; and I know, if I tell him all about it, and ask him to help me through, he will do it.'

"During his absence from the house, his wife told me, that, after I left, on the preceding evening, she expected an outburst of temper; but, instead of this, he turned to her and said, 'Wife, get your things on, and we'll go to meeting.' Then began a perfect tornado of oaths against himself, occasionally speaking to himself: 'Spew it out, Pet; it is the last time! Get rid of it; for I mean to cut a new set of houselogs;' meaning that he intended to begin a new course of life. He went to the meeting. She was sure, from his manner, that the sermon had touched him. On his way home, she said, his oaths made her tremble; it seemed as though he was possessed of seven devils. As he reached his cabin door, he turned to her, and said, 'There, wife, it is all out!' and, with such an

expression as she had never heard from him before, he cried out, 'O God, help me!' He took a seat before the fire, and scarcely altered his position during the whole night. The Spirit of God was dealing with him, and he wept the tears of a repenting and returning prodigal. Until I left that field, his was a consistent Christian walk."

Such scenes as the preceding, though by no means uncommon, are not always connected with home mission work in a new country. Sometimes it is the lot of one to labor on with only gradual changes for the better, as in the day of small things, but laying foundations for the future, while this is the trial of our faith and hope.

The following is the partial experience of Rev. Ebenezer Alden, whose lot it was for a few years to do pioneer work in Cedar County, and then return to an Eastern field. It will be of interest to those acquainted with the localities, and will show, among other things, that the Home Missionary Society is not confined in its labors to places where churches are organized:

"I became a resident of the county in the winter of 1844, and organized the church in the spring following,—May 5. It consisted of three members. It was a rainy day, which prevented some others from being present to unite with us. It was formed in the

barroom of the public house, or, rather, the public room of the house where I boarded. The first summer I preached in the upper room of the jail, used during the week as a carpenter shop. The carpenter was an avowed atheist, but helped me to clear up the room for the meetings.

"Subsequently I occupied the court-house as a place of worship, alternating with the Methodist circuit-rider. There were received into the church while I was there, thirty-two. I baptized nineteen infants, attended twenty-one funerals, and married five couples. The figures do not show much. It was a dark day, a long trial of faith and patience. But the aspect of things was brightening before I left. Among other encouragements, a female prayer-meeting gave promise of better days. I preached in various neighborhoods, usually at two, sometimes at three places on the Sabbath, without appointments during the week. I ranged the country far and near, having preaching stations in every direction.

"Generally, perhaps, the brethren surpassed me in activity; but one winter, 1845-46, I worked hard. I had many long and lonely rides. My meetings were conducted by myself alone, preaching from a plan written out, but retained in my memory. I made no show of notes. My sermons were talks in cabins, in the court-house, in carpenter shops, and out-of-doors. I knew but little of prayer-meetings, led my own singing, and rode on horseback the first two years.

In the latter part of the time, I preached from more fully written notes. One fall I suffered much, and was laid aside by the fever and ague.

"I cannot speak of special outpourings of the Spirit; but God gave me the privilege of laying foundations, with a few tokens of prospective growth. I have some remembrances of those youthful days which are vivid. I had opportunities to see nature in its primeval beauty. For the pen of an Irving, those years would furnish materials of surpassing interest. Those adventures of frontier life, though but incidental to the work of the home missionary, will long remain with me, while other things, perhaps of more importance, will have slipped from the memory."

In looking over this experience, we can only wish that our brother could revisit the scenes of his former labors, to see, in part at least, the fruits of his toil. "One layeth the foundations, and another buildeth thereon."

As showing still further how the Home Missionary Society reaches out beyond the region of organized churches, and as reviewing the early history of Congregationalism in Western Iowa, which was for a long time to Eastern Iowa as a foreign field, and allowing here, because it cannot well be avoided, the full names of persons and places, we give next a paper presented at the Quarter-Centennial of the Iowa Association in 1866, respecting:

THE MISSOURI SLOPE

"Congregationalism made its first appearance on the slope in the organization of the Union Church at Civil Bend in 1849, where, without any recognized minister, about a dozen Christians — Baptists, Congregationalists and Methodists — formed themselves into a church, adopted a creed and covenant, and agreed to recognize each other in church relations, and cooperate in promoting the cause of Christ. A flourishing day school was already in existence in the neighborhood. A Sabbath-school, Bible-class and regular prayer-meetings were established, and attended with a good degree of religious interest, before any minister labored among them.

"The name Civil Bend was derisively given to this settlement along the Missouri River by the roughs who so frequently held high carousal at the various whiskey cabins that fringed the 'Big Muddy.' These breathing-holes of the infernal regions were known by such euphonious titles as 'Devil's Den,' 'Hell's Kitchen,' etc.; and, to designate the temperance neighborhood, it was called 'Civil Bend.' The residents accepted the name; and by this title it is known to this day, although the post-office is Gaston. On the 1st of July, 1850, the Rev. John Todd,⁴¹ with his family, joined this settlement for the purpose of preaching Christ on the frontiers. A dwelling of

⁴¹ Known as Father Todd, Tabor.

hewn logs had been erected and roofed, out on the prairies, for his accommodation, which, on his arrival, was perforated, and supplied with doors and windows, and floored with cottonwood 'puncheons.' The window and door casings were all the sawed material used in constructing the house; and this had to be brought a distance of twenty-five miles. The minister's study-walls were curtains, and the study table a puncheon resting on two wooden pins driven into the logs.

"A few families of Congregationalists from Illinois, who had started for California, stopped on the banks of the Missouri, opposite the Big Platte, twenty-five miles north of Civil Bend, in the fall of 1849, and formed the first out-station, which resulted in the organization of a small church of ten members, reported as the Church of Florence, subsequently disbanded. Trader's Point, nine or ten miles above Florence, about the same distance from Council Bluffs, and nearly east of where Bellevue in Nebraska now is, was then a flourishing village of Mormons and traders, of about thirty or thirty-five houses, where many crossed the river on their way to the Great Salt Lake Valley. That, also, was made a monthly preaching place. It has long since been all swept away by the Missouri. About eighteen miles above Council Bluffs, near the Boyer, a few Gentiles were found, who wished to hear the gospel, and there was another preaching-point. A good Christian Baptist lady, re-

siding at Stutnan's Mills, on the West Nishnibotna, twenty-five or thirty miles east of Council Bluffs, signified a wish to have Christ preached to her Mormon neighbors; and there another monthly appointment was made.

"Cutler's Camp, on Silver Creek in Mills County, now seven miles from Glenwood, formed another point in the monthly circuit. Linden, too, then county seat of Atchinson County, Missouri, twenty-five miles south-east of Civil Bend, was then favored with a monthly visit on the Sabbath.

"Thus, within a year from the time of beginning, from Civil Bend to the banks of the Boyer, and round about unto Missouri, was the gospel preached. There were seven appointments in the circuit, but two of them favored with even a log schoolhouse. In the autumn of 1850, the Rev. J. A. Reed, a sort of bishop in the discharge of the duties of his office, accompanied by the Rev. G. B. Hitchcock, made a descent upon the slope at Civil Bend. Right glad were we to find that somebody cared for us, and that we were not hopelessly severed from the Christian world. It then required a full month to exchange letters with our friends in Eastern Iowa. Our nearest post-office was fifteen miles distant. That same autumn, 1850, Brother William Simpson, the first regular itinerant of the M. E. Church on the slope, entered upon the charge of Council Bluffs, and came to Civil Bend, claiming all Methodists as his. He proved a devout,

genial, working Christian. With his cooperation the first revival was enjoyed during the second winter at Civil Bend. A single family of Afro-Americans, who had earned and paid thousands of dollars for their freedom, came into the settlement, and were encouraged to attend school; for which, some who 'had never attended school with niggers,' nor anybody else, for they could neither read nor write, determining that their children should not be so disgraced, accidentally or by design burnt down the log building which constituted our schoolhouse and place of worship. This occurred during watch night of 1850-1851.

"In June, 1851, the waters of the rivers, the waters of the uplands, and the waters above the firmament, combined to drive the people from Civil Bend. The river rose threateningly, the heavens gave forth frequent floods, and the streams from the bluffs swept down in torrents, bearing away bridges, fences and all before them. Five miles of water spread out between us and the highlands. Sloughs were waded to go to meeting, where horses would mir^o down, and abundance of buffalo-fish were speared with pitchforks amid the tall grass. Mosquitoes enough to dim the sun and moon chimed in to sing the requiem of our hopes in that land of promise.

"That was a trying time to the itinerancy. A surplus of water and scarcity of bridges necessitated a curtailment of the circuit. Florence and Trader's

Point continued to be visited monthly; but fighting mosquitoes by night, and traveling on horseback by day, with regular ague shakes for variety, were not very well adapted to make a Boanerges of our itinerant. But no human lives were lost; and, as already intimated, we had our first revival the following winter.

"In the fall of 1851, Brother G. G. Rice, from Union Theological Seminary, I think, arrived at Council Bluffs, under the patronage of the A. H. M. S., and entered upon the work of preaching the gospel. After the experience of 1851, on the Missouri bottom, several families resolved to take higher ground, believing that it afforded a firmer basis for the object, which, from the first, they had in view, viz., the establishment of an institution of learning, in connection with the promotion of religion. After considerable search, they located at Tabor. Three families moved there, or to that vicinity, in 1852, purchased claims, lived in log cabins; at once began a weekly prayer-meeting, Sunday-school, and regular preaching, which have continued without intermission up to the present time. In October, 1852, a Congregational church was formed, with eight members. This was the first church on the slope which assumed the Congregational name."

This church at Tabor, it should be remarked, is now the largest but one in the state. The institution alluded to is now known as Tabor College. It has,

according to the latest published statement, a president and four other instructors; twenty-one students in the college classes, and one hundred and four in the preparatory department; with property estimated at fifty thousand dollars, and a library of twelve hundred volumes.

In such fields as just described,—indeed, in all new countries liable to excessive rains, with few roads and fewer bridges,—the missionary needs the pleasant faculty of making the best of things, as one prime qualification for his work. Many a one has had an experience similar to that related below, though not always as happily borne.

GOING TO ASSOCIATION⁴²

“Last fall, at the meeting of this Association at S., Brother C. proposed for our spring meeting to convene at C. Brother T. knew nothing of C., except that it was the home of our esteemed Brother A., and that it was situated somewhere ‘within the bounds’ of F. County. But Brother T. was expected to be there, and he very naturally expected to see his brethren there also. The meeting was to be held on the third Tuesday in M., at eventide; and of this fact all the brethren were warned in due time.

“On the Monday previous to this said Tuesday,

⁴² Note 15.

Brother T. would needs set forth in the ecclesiastical buggy, propelled by the ancient horse, Billy. He first made diligent inquiries, however, as to the location of the said town of C.; but all men wagged their heads, and could do no more. They knew nothing of any such city. The maps were equally silent, and there was no time for correspondence, seeing that the mail from Brother T.'s house to F. County describeth the circle of the greater ram's-horn, and never returneth. Brother T. was in a great quandary, and knew not whether to proceed to the southwest, the west or the northwest. Yet Brother T. was expected to be there. So, after much dubitation, he concluded to follow the wisdom of the prairie-hawk; and, as the game was not in sight, to beat about for it. He started southward and westward, driving towards C., which lieth upon the S., and is a town fair to see. Here he found a certain Gaius, a miller of much substance, whose daughter is a miller also. Here he tarried; and in the evening they all sang hymns, and rejoiced abundantly. In the morning, mine host, and the host of the whole church, would go with Brother T. to question certain men of his town; and, behold, a man was found who had heard of C., and knew where it was, but had never been there. Also he heard that the river must be forded at this place, and that it would be nearer swimming than fording.

"So, a good while before he came to the river, he bade farewell to his host, who bade him good speed,

and said, 'See thou art not drowned in the river!' And, after a while, he came to the river. Now, there was a mighty bridge there, and it was like secession; for it was easy to get upon it, and it carried one fairly for a time; but at the end of it was a grievous jump, and there was nothing but sharp rocks and a quag-mire at the bottom. Over this bridge Brother T. carried all the contents of the ecclesiastical buggy. After these were deposited on the other side, he returned and said to the ancient steed, 'Billy, there is nothing for it but for us to take to the stream.'

"So they addressed themselves to enter the river. And, at the very first, the waves flowed into the buggy, which caused Brother T. to raise his feet; and presently the waters reached the seat, which caused the rider thereupon to go up higher; and he sat on the topmost rail of the seat. And the waters prevailed even to the arm of the seat; and Brother T. saw the coat-tails of 'divinity,' that they streamed out behind upon the waters of the river; and he was a spectacle to certain men which stood by; after which the waters abated, and presently they came forth again upon the dry land.

"After this, divers other streams were crossed, and much desolate green prairie; and at evening, when the stars shone, behold, they were at the place C.

"Now, because Brother T. was the only minister that had arrived, he must needs preach to the people; and, when the meeting was done, the two delegates —

Brother B. of P. and Brother A. of M.—essayed to have the Association organized; but, when they looked upon the record, they found there was not a quorum present. So they went to lodge with the people. And the next day, Brother T. told them what was known to him of the condition of the churches.

“Now, at the former meeting, the brethren had appointed Brother T. to read an essay on the annihilation of the wicked; so, in the evening, it was read, albeit the wicked did not come to hear it.

“And after this, the hope of seeing our brethren vanished, and we came together no more. And if those brethren who came not had but known how the people waited for them, and how they climbed the steeple, and how the green sea that surrounds the place was swept often with a spy-glass in expectation of their approach, they would have taken care not to have caused such a disappointment.

“And, besides this, it was a shame to Brother T. that it was confidently asserted many times that the brethren were coming, when, behold, the things that were seen were only a green bush, a stray sheep, some calves, certain horses, and, mayhap, a few mules! These things ought not to be ranked with delinquent ministers at such times.

“So, when all was done, Brother T. wrote it upon the book, that—

“T. Nobody but Brother T. and two delegates can testify to having been at C on the twentieth day of M., in the year of our Lord 186-.

" 'II. That, in consequence, nothing was done, except that Brother T. had a good visit.

" 'III. That the Association is expected to meet next fall at D.

" 'IV. That Brother T. is expected to be there.' "

Allusion has once or twice been made to Abner Kneeland and his followers, who settled upon the Des Moines River, near Farmington, at a place called Salubria. The writer remembers well a visit paid to the old infidel, nearly twenty-five years ago. He was of noble form, venerable in appearance, and treated his visitor courteously. On frankly telling him that I had come to see him simply out of curiosity, "Yes," he replied, pleasantly; "I suppose I am about as much of a show as an elephant;" and then expressed his readiness to converse on any topic or answer any questions I might choose. In private intercourse, his infidelity and atheism were of the boldest kind, and his public lectures gross. In derision of the marriage institution, he used to say, "Tie the tails of two dogs together, and they will fight. Allow them to go free, and they will be good friends." He and his followers were quite zealous and successful, at first, in sowing the seeds of their infidelity among the new settlers by pamphlets, periodicals, public lectures, etc. Ridicule of "priests," making sport, sometimes mock, of sacred things, entered largely into all their efforts. But a view of the positions they assumed, and the manner

in which they tried to defend them, can best be seen in the following account given by one whose first ministry was in the midst of them,—the Rev. Harvey Adams:

THE INFIDEL CELEBRATION

Early one afternoon in the month of August, 1847, a colporteur of the American Tract Society called at our house, and told me there was to be a great celebration in the Kneeland neighborhood; and, as he desired to see what they would say and do, he said he should attend, and wished me to accompany him. As the distance was short, it being only a mile to the place, with staff in hand we were soon there. The gathering was in a charming grove on the east bank of the beautiful Des Moines. The object of the gathering was to celebrate the anniversary of Mr. Kneeland's liberation from prison in Boston, to which place he had been sentenced for blasphemy. There were present, of both sexes and of all ages, about a hundred and fifty; so they claimed; yet probably not more than half of these were very skeptical in their views; the others came simply as spectators. A platform was erected for the speakers, and seats were prepared for the ladies. The men stood round about in a circle. When we arrived, the speaking had commenced. On our joining the company, the snap of the eye, the sly glances and the jogging of one another,

seemed to say, 'There's a priest among us: he'll have a good time!'

The speeches were spiced with such condiments as these:

"We are not indebted to Christianity for the first practical good. What has it done? Look at Spain! Look at Mexico! In early days, Mexico was a paradise. Her people were among the most virtuous and happy. But ever since Columbus, the Christian missionary, came over and converted them to Christianity, they have been miserably degraded and wretched. We glory in infidelity. We wear it as the cloak for our virtues, just as the Christians wear Christianity as the cloak for their vices."

Cries of, "Yes, yes! that's so!" came from the crowd; and one, who evidently spoke for my special benefit, said, "There was St. Gregory, who was covered with sin six feet deep."

At the close of the speeches, a pressing invitation was given the writer to "take the stand." This was declined, with the remark that I came merely as a spectator; and that, if I spoke, I could not expect to change their views. "He dare not speak without a pulpit before him. 'Twont do where there can be a reply," said an old man.

As advantage would be taken of my silence, the instant resolve was formed to say something if there should be a favorable opportunity. Nor was there need of waiting long. The ladies withdrew to prepare the

dinner, while the men all closed up thick around "the priest"—this being the term by which they always designate a Christian minister.

The two champions of the day were large, gray-headed men, who literally "stooped for age." One of them was an apostate from a Baptist church in Vermont, and the other from a Presbyterian church in Pennsylvania. They placed themselves directly before me, and stood leaning forward on their canes. I was seated. Compared with myself, they were almost giants.

In giving the sequel, for convenience I will call one of them Dr., as he was a physician, the other McB. and "the priest" H. M., for Home Missionary. The doctor was sour in look, crabbed and bitter in speech. McB. was more courteous, but oily and sarcastic. No sooner had they placed themselves thus before me, than they commenced catechizing, thus:—

McB.—"As I take you to be a philosopher and a theologian, I should like to ask a few questions, if you have no objection."

H. M.—"Certainly you can. Perhaps I shall not be able to give you satisfactory answers; but, if you ask civil questions, I am bound to give civil replies, as far as I am able."

McB. (very smoothly).—"Well, just for the purpose of information, will you please to tell us how large the Holy Ghost is?"

The point of this was that they were materialists,

and did not believe in any such thing as spirit; and, therefore, if I, "a philosopher and theologian," could not tell how large the Holy Ghost was, of course I must be the next passenger bound for Salt River.

H. M.—“That is rather a tough question, Mr. McB.; but when you are attacked with something like the bilious colic, and distressed almost to death, and feel as though another gripe or two would take your life, how large is the pain?”

At this there was a general laugh, and the question was dropped as quickly as though it had gone to oblivion.

McB.—“Man does what he does under the influence of circumstances over which he has no control. He is not responsible for his actions, because he cannot help them.”

H. M.—“And so you came all the way to this celebration by means of circumstances which you could not control? And all the rest have done the same thing?”

McB.—“Certainly. Show me a thing that is not the fruit of circumstances.”

H. M.—“Then the priests do what they do to destroy infidelity and atheism through circumstances they cannot control. But how comes it to pass that you consider them so criminal for what they do? Why do you speak of them as the enemies of the race, as you have done to-day? Why not rather commend their efforts? More especially, why do you cele-

brate the day of Mr. Kneeland's sentence and imprisonment? The Bostonians did what they did under circumstances they could not control." [A good deal of laughing.]

McB. — "But it is the circumstances. Men cannot control the circumstances of one of their actions."

H. M. — "Then if I take my cane, and give you a sound drubbing over the head, I may sing all the way home to-night? And you will charge it all to the circumstances? You will not consider me at fault?"

McB. — "Yes. I'll punish the circumstances: I won't punish you." [A loud laugh.]

H. M. — "That's very generous; but do you act on that principle? Suppose some one against whom you hold a note should come to you and say, 'I know, that, as men use language, I owe you; but I never intend to pay. I would not, if I could as well as not. Circumstances do not compel me to pay, and I shall not do it.' Would you not treat him to a constable?" [Cries of "Good! good!"]

McB. — "All this hair-splitting about would and would not, right and wrong, good and evil, guilt and innocence, is a humbug. These terms all amount to the same thing. There is no such thing as right and wrong."

H. M. — "I knew that would follow from your doctrine, though I did not know that you would so openly avow it. But will you tell us why you employ these terms so freely yourselves? and more especially when

you speak of the priests?" [Cries of "Good!" with laughter.] "And then, too, most certainly, if I give you a real drubbing with my cane, you cannot say that I do any harm or wrong; for there is no such thing. Not one of the priests has ever done any. Now, to try your principle, suppose I take my cane, and make a serious experiment on your head?"

McB. (very emphatically).—"I do n't like — that illustration about the cane." [A roar of laughter.] "The amount of it is, when we speak of doing, or when we speak of right and wrong, or of the mind, soul, spirit, and the like, we use words without meaning. There is no such thing. That which is not material is nothing."

H. M. — "Doctor, you and I have had a little conversation on this point before; but as we did not get through, and it is now up again, I should like" —

Dr. (very sourly).—"None of your gospel pettifogging. I know you have your visions and dreams, and soul and spirit, and Holy Ghost and all that in your Bible; but"—[Cries from the crowd, "Doctor, let him go on; let him go on!"]

H. M. — "You may call it pettifogging, or what you please, doctor: I will try to talk common sense, but am ready to leave it to the company whether I do or not. If I understand you, Mr. *McB.*, you say that that which is not material is nothing."

McB. — "Yes. That's it. Immateriality is an absurdity."

H. M. — "You will admit this general law of nature, that 'like produces like,' I suppose."

McB. — "Oh, yes! No one can dispute that."

H. M. — "So that all thoughts, all the products of the mind, whatever we call them, are really matter."

McB. — "Most certainly."

H. M. — "And have the attributes of matter; that is to say, the mind, the soul, and all thoughts, have length, breadth, thickness, weight, and the like."

McB. — "Certainly. It is absurd to talk of a thing which is not material."

H. M. — "Very well. When we communicate thoughts, we communicate matter, we communicate shape, size and weight. That is understood. Now, then, if you two old men continue to talk to me, and I receive your thoughts without making any reply, you will reduce yourselves to skeletons; and I, though small, bid fair to become a pretty corpulent man."

[The woods rang with laughter.]

The call to dinner now came, and my two infidel friends seemed to be very glad of it. But they had become very good-natured. I was invited to partake with them, and was conducted to the head of the table. When seated, and while the waiters were serving, the doctor asked me if I could partake without "grace." The reply was, that, if they did not desire that I should publicly invoke a blessing, I was not limited to that method of doing it. Soon after this, the doctor said to those near him, but for my benefit,

"He eats with publicans and sinners." To this I could not help replying, "Thank you, doctor. Happy to see you recognize the distinction."

Dinner being over, and the furniture removed, the tables were arranged in a row, and seats placed upon and in front of them for the ladies; while the gentlemen were formed into a semicircle, facing the ladies. The toast-master conducted the "priest" to the center of the half-circle, and a little in advance of it, where every one could see him. And now for the toasts and sentiments. One was read, and cheers called for. But the crowd were silent, as if at a funeral. Another, and a third; but with no response. After what had passed, the company did not feel like giving cheers to such sentiments. Volunteers were called for. One man gave out a sentiment, and lifted up his arms, and exclaimed, "Hoo—ra!" but his was the only voice. Among the volunteer sentiments, this was one: "Eighteen hundred and fourteen years ago, Jesus Christ was imprisoned for blasphemy; and — years ago, Abner Kneeland was imprisoned in Boston for the same crime; the latter a philosopher, the former a juggler."

The design of their toasts and sentiments, as well as of all the previous speeches, seemed to be, to deliver themselves of the gall and spleen they had treasured up against priests, priestcraft, and Christianity in general. They probably also intended to confirm such as might be doubtful. But the celebration had

a very different result. The crowd evidently left with the conviction, that, whatever might be said against Christianity, certainly infidelity had not many attractions.

I am not aware that any of that gathering have since been active in propagating it. From that time to this, there has not been another celebration of the kind, that I have heard of. They have not met, as before, to hear infidel lectures on the Sabbath. The one whom I have called McB. renounced his infidelity subsequently; and it is reported that he died with the hope of the Christian. Since that time, also, I have attended many funerals among those families; and, in one case, when three young persons, belonging to three different families, were buried at the same time. They had been drowned. Many have been the acts of courtesy and kindness shown to the writer by individuals who were previously of that belief.

In the retrospect, I am satisfied that all the lectures I ever gave on the evidences of Christianity accomplished little for the purpose, compared with the conversation here detailed. This was not sought or coveted. There was clearly a providence in it all. It was one of a number of occurrences which have been overruled to destroy infidelity in that region. To God be all the honor.

But these sketches have been sufficiently extended. They illustrate a few of the varied phases of mission-

ary life. We might add more, which would bring out scenes in the home circle, sometimes partaking of the sad, in hours of affliction, in remote settlements, away from friends, where husbands have preached the funeral sermons of wives, a father of children; but we forbear. As to that infidel colony, its hopes are blasted. The leaders being bold, but blasphemous, their efforts for political ascendancy in the country, and to set at naught sacred things by mock funerals, and in other ways, soon overreached themselves. The people became disgusted as they saw the tendency and the aim. A strange series of deaths, too, among them, had its effect. Better things came in; and Kneelandism, as an organization, is a thing of the past.

CHAPTER XVIII

LOSS AND GAIN

HOW often, when for duty's sake, for the sake of Christian service to be rendered, we enter upon some path, expecting and consenting to the loss of many things, we find, that, of all others, that was the very path to be chosen for real gain! "He that loseth his life for my sake shall find it." Solomon chose wisdom, and God gave him both wisdom and riches. Twenty-five years ago, every one thought it a great sacrifice for a minister to go West: no one would go except at the stern call of duty. As between an Eastern and a Western settlement, the advantages then seemed to be entirely with the former. Well is it remembered how a rhetorical production by one whose face was turned westward, under the title of "Inducements to go West," was then received by us at the Seminary. It was with a sort of smile, as much as to say, "Well, it is a happy faculty to look at the bright side of things; and, if one is going, he may as well make the best of it." Little was it then thought that what appeared fancy was but half the sober truth! Let it not be supposed that a Western life has been, or is, all gain and no loss; but, looking over the past,

let us strike a balance in this regard, and see where it stands.

Twenty-five years ago, one of the first things thought of by one contemplating the Western work was health. It was supposed that he must have the fever and ague, probably a bilious fever; and, at any rate, must go through a process of acclimation, the issue of which must determine whether he could stay in the country or not. We smile now at the way we used to think of this. Some of us, indeed, have had the fever and ague, and some have not. There have been some deaths; and from some families children have been taken, one after the other, till the record has become a sad, sad one. But so, doubtless, it would have been elsewhere. Taking the Band for a sample, it surely cannot be said, that, in the matter of health, there has been loss: we should say, probably gain. It is doubtful whether the same number of their classmates who chose an Eastern settlement have been more highly favored than they. In the case of no one is it certain that his health was injured by coming West; while in others it has been improved, and life, doubtless, has been prolonged. One of them at least, perhaps more, can say, that, for more than a quarter of a century, he has never lost a single appointment from ill health, nor more than a dozen from any cause.

Next to the matter of health, it is natural to consider that of support and home comforts. This, per-

haps, does not at first enter much into the calculations of those proposing to labor in the ministry at the East or West; but it comes up sooner or later, and may be properly considered. Four hundred dollars a year, twenty-five years ago, was about the highest limit of missionary salary. That sum now seems small indeed. It did then. But with beef and pork at two or three cents a pound, corn twelve and a half cents a bushel, and other products of a fertile soil in proportion, it is easy to see that a little money would go a great way. True, clothing, furniture, books, etc., were higher than at the East, and expenses in this direction had to be curtailed. Missionary families, like all other families in a new country, had to dispense with a great many things considered indispensable in an Eastern home. But they managed to get along somehow. Gifts came in sometimes from the people. Missionary boxes met many an exigency. Occasionally, some books or other remembrances came from Eastern friends.

As living expenses have increased, missionary grants have grown larger. Sometimes the home missionary, driven to buy a little place, because too poor to rent one, or wishing to get a little foothold for a home, has found himself, by the rise of prices in a thrifty village, actually gaining in property. Meantime, the churches have, many of them, become able to give more ample support. Taking it all in all, as a matter of fact, it is presumed that those longest in the field have no cause of complaint. Perhaps, in the

end they are just as well off, and, on the whole, have been as comfortably provided for, so far as the real necessities of life are concerned, as if they had been in Eastern settlements. They have had to dispense with many things, at times, that they might have had elsewhere: and, perhaps, were their wives called upon to testify at this point, they might say at once that the advantage was with the Eastern settlement; not because they are quicker to complain than their husbands, but because, as before stated, the privations of a new country fall most heavily within their peculiar province. Still, claiming a little advantage for the West on the score of health, we are willing to let that and this balance.

Next, let us look at mental development. A man's surroundings will, of course, have an influence upon his mental habits and intellectual culture. The time was, when the advantages in this respect seemed nearly all with the Eastern field. As to many things they were. "Early introduction," says a distinguished writer,⁴³ "to active labor in an extended field, partaking of a missionary and itinerant character, may, amidst much usefulness, spoil a man for life in all that regards progress of erudition, and productiveness of the reasoning powers." True, in the old and narrow field there may be the more quiet study, more help from books and literary intercourse, more time to elaborate and polish. There may be, moreover, among the

⁴³ Horace Bushnell.

hearers a more rigid demand for this sort of excellence in sermonizing, creating in the preacher an ambition to produce it. But, possibly, right here in the strong point of many a preacher is his very weakness. His hearers demand, and his life is worn out in supplying, what, while admired, fails to bless. But we are to compare, not criticize.

The Western man, on the frontier work, as was that of all Iowa once, suffers right here some loss. Here are felt some of his greatest privations, and some of his greatest self-denials are practised. His trial is not that he has to wear a seedy coat, as good perhaps as his brother Christians about him wear; nor that, in his travels of a wet season, he occasionally gets "sloughed," or has to swim the stream. This is just what his neighbors do, and is nothing in a new country. But, if he takes a paper, he reads of books which he can never see. He thinks of ministers' meetings, and the culture of literary fellowship among his brother ministers, which he can never enjoy. Exchanges, even, are out of the question. His duties call him much abroad out of his study, if he has one; and when in it, he groans in spirit, sometimes, that it is so poorly furnished with the needful helps. But this Western field has its advantages, too, even in the matter of intellectual development. The impression twenty years ago is not quite right,—that, if a man goes to a Western missionary field, he must once for all abandon all thoughts of mental culture and growth,

Men are to be studied, as well as books; and the contact of mind with mind is a vigorous mental stimulus. Place now a young minister in some new Western settlement, where, in his line, nothing yet is established, nothing even started; where everybody and everything about him is on the quick, earnest move; where are commingled from all quarters every shade of prejudice, opinion and belief; and where all, with the trammels off, are free to speak out just what they think, and he must have some earnest mental work. Every inch he gains here he must get by a sort of conquest. Aside from the constant readiness which he must have for hand-to-hand conflicts in his neighborly calls, the right arm of power in his public preaching must be the plain Bible truth, aimed straight at the mark, with an earnestness that means something. His hearers, if he gets hearers at all, must be drawn together and held together, not by the force of family or social relations, not by the beauty of the sanctuary where they meet, nor by the excellence of the singing; but, in the absence of all these, it may be, by the presence of one among them, positive and strong, whose preaching and whose life are calculated to produce the blessed fruits of the gospel. In all the demands of a growing country, he must be a practical man. If he makes for himself a place, holds it, and builds upon it, he will and must be an intellectually growing man. We do not say that Western men are more completely developed intel-

lectually than Eastern, but that their position is not, on the whole, unfavorable in this respect. Thrown upon their own resources, and standing at the head of growing influences, which they are called upon to gather, to hold and to guide, they themselves are compelled to grow in mental strength, energy, breadth of views and high Christian aims. There are advantages here, which, for all the purposes of earnest Christian work in the world, we must claim as items of especial gain.

The absence in a new country of established customs, usages and precedents, has been alluded to as one of the disadvantages of a Western field. The young man who takes an Eastern church has the way prepared before him. In many respects, he has only to keep things as they are, with tried men as advisers, and staid Christians to help. To start anew in a new country is to start without any such aids. But even this has its advantages. Besides helping to draw out of the minister all there is in him, it is often of use, both to him and his little church, to be free from the trammels of previous customs and habits. Churches get into bad ways, as well as into good ones. Much as we revere the memory of our Puritan Fathers, all wisdom was doubtless not with them. We do not suppose that New England churches and institutions are such perfect models that there can be no improvement upon them; neither do we think that every change, proposed or actual, is an advance. But on

this Western field, if anywhere, with the Word of God for our guide, and freedom to adapt ourselves to actual wants and circumstances, we should improve even upon the excellences of the past. In some respects, as already indicated, there ought to be among us, better churches, better colleges, and better methods of doing things, than in older regions. In our peculiar freedom to adopt new expedients and plans, therefore, we claim one advantage. If we do not use it for improvement, it is because we lack wisdom or grace, or both, to make the most of our opportunity.

"But there is, of course, a loss," it will be said, "as to the privileges of refined society, in going West." To this we say, "In your refined society, so called, there is much that is artificial, formal and sometimes hollow. We have learned that there is such a thing as being civilized and refined almost to death. Experience has proved it to be a real luxury at times to get out of the conventionalities of artificial life, into the frank atmosphere of true 'log-cabin hospitality.'" The free-and-easy ways of new-country socialities we heartily put down as on the side of gain, rather than of loss. Indeed, those of us who have been here longest almost sigh for things as they used to be twenty years ago; when all were more upon a level, when every house was open and every latch-string out. No one need fear loss in this direction.

Some ministers, even, may like to be in the neighborhood of newspapers, where names somehow creep

out in public print; and near anniversaries, and platforms, and speeches to be heard,—and made. There is in this a pleasure, and a kind of privilege. The only gain we have to suggest here is that involved in laboring away from all such influences in the main, away from all appeals to pride and ambition, in a kind of obscurity and isolation, where the true motives of the ministerial work have a better chance to operate, and where, as they are felt, and they alone, purer and richer rewards of ministerial labor are realized.

There is one more point to be considered, in respect to which all will doubtless concede that the Western field has the decided advantage. It is the privilege of helping to make things; of growing up with them, and seeing the fruit of one's labors. "I would rather," said an old settler,—"I would rather help build a log schoolhouse, and see things grow, than live in a country that is all made." Notwithstanding the hardships of a new country, there is little doubt that the generation that makes a country enjoys it better than one that takes it after it is made. The pioneer minister shares in all this work of construction. It may be in many respects a hard work. He begins low down, but at every upward step he has a peculiar joy. He sees a little flock gathered almost as "a flock in the wilderness." He joyfully shares their first communion season. The earthen plate and glass tumbler are in due time exchanged for a real communion service. He sees, in different directions,

gospel institutions and influences beginning to take shape around him. At length a meeting-house is built. This is for him a great day. He sees how that new house of worship helps to make for him nearly a new congregation, a new Sabbath-school, and of himself almost a new minister. Most of all does he rejoice, when, in connection with this new sanctuary, as is often the case, the Spirit of the Lord comes down, and the spiritual keeps progress with the material. Men who gave of their money for the material temple are often the first to be brought as lively stones into the spiritual building.

So he goes on, with fresh joy at every step. Home missionary churches become self-sustaining, and their pastors find themselves in a developed country, with the fruits of their labors about them. The frontier fields of a quarter of a century ago are now in the heart of the country; and those who entered them with the feeling that they were going so far away as scarcely ever to be heard from, find that they were striking for the very centers of position and power. This, however, was by the direction of God's wisdom, not theirs. In all this there is great gain. He who labors from year to year with an Eastern church, that, by dint of hard work, simply holds its own, is doing a good work. He who in faithfulness stands by a waning church, whose young people are all leaving, renders a noble and self-sacrificing service. In each case there is faith and heroism; but, if God will, it is

pleasanter to see results accomplished, to feel the throb of enterprise and progress around us, and to see new forces fast accumulating, through which the little we do shall tell for good in the ages to come. In this is our special gain.

Some may dislike, possibly, the first relations in which, so far as our denomination is concerned, the process just alluded to in this Western country is generally begun—the relations of a home missionary in connection with a little home missionary church or some new place yet churchless. But is there not something good, yea, noble, even in this? When one thinks of the prayers offered for home missionaries, is it not good to be one of them? When one thinks of the Christian donors who give so freely for home missions at the West, is it not good to be an almoner of their bounties? When one thinks of what it is to plant and foster a Christian church in a new country, he may well rejoice in the work, and gladly accept the relations in which so many are coworkers with him. Bringing his little church, by the blessing of God, up to self-support, he may well feel that his work, though humble, is yet a great and good one. He who, on mission ground, has done it once, twice or thrice, is an honored servant in the kingdom of Christ. Surveying thus the past, we claim no honor, no greatness, but bless God for opening before us a field in relation to which, as we balance the loss and the gain as compared with fields that might have been found

nearer our Eastern homes, we are constrained to say,
No loss: especially gain!⁴⁴

Were youth renewed with our past experience, we are quite sure, if allowed of God, we would strike for some new field, only careful that it were small enough for us at the first, and then to grow.

⁴⁴ The experience and observation of after years emphasize the truth of this chapter also.

CHAPTER XIX

IN MEMORIAM

HITHERTO my life has been preparatory. I want to live; yes, when I think what God will do for Iowa in the next twenty years I want to live and be an actor in it." Thus exclaimed one who came here to labor in the ardor of youth, but was early called to die.

Looking back through our quarter of a century, we recall others who also have fallen by the way. It is due to them, and meet for us, that they should have a place in these reminiscences. The names of all, of course, cannot appear; only such as stand freshest in mind as we take our backward look.

The words quoted at the opening of this chapter were those of the one first taken, and he from the Band. This was Horace Hutchinson. He died at Burlington, March 7, 1846. He was a native of Sutton, Massachusetts, a graduate of Amherst College in 1839, and of Andover Seminary in 1843. His disease was hereditary consumption, against which he had been struggling for years. Not quite thirty years of age, having been permitted but little over two years to prosecute his Master's work, to which he had be-

come ardently attached, and for which, by his natural enthusiasm and richness of intellectual culture, no less than his culture of heart, he was eminently fitted, and just settled most happily in his domestic relations,—it was no wonder that he felt that he was just ready to live, and wanted to live; that it was hard to die. Yet he was cheerful, resigned and ready. His end was peace.

What a bréach was made in our ranks, not only as we missed the light of his cheerful face, and the warmth of his genial nature, but felt that, in all plans for Iowa, the benefit of his sound judgment and hearty aid, on which we had begun to rely, were so soon removed! How, by this early death among us, was our work more seriously and devoutly apprehended! How keen was our sympathy with her who was thus early called to exchange bridal robes for weeds of mourning! Though removing soon after from the territory, and entering into new relations in a neighboring state, she was still reckoned as one of us. Mrs. Hutchinson, for a time Principal of Abbott Female Seminary at Andover, Massachusetts, was subsequently married to the Rev. S. J. Humphrey, April 18, 1854, and died at Newark, Ohio, August 18, 1860. She was born at Grafton, Massachusetts, Feb. 20, 1823. Thus, by that first death, did God teach that there were paths of sorrow for us to tread, as well as of hope, success and joy. The lesson has been again and again repeated. It will be pardoned, perhaps, if we

follow these providences first in reference to the Band.

Four years passed away before the second came. Eliza C. Robbins died at Muscatine, July 16, 1850. She was a native of Canterbury, Connecticut; born June 7, 1819; was married Sept. 27, 1843, and started in a few days as one of the only two wives in that first journey westward. Her lot, as has been told, was cast in what was then called Bloomington, now Muscatine. She accepted it heartily. With natural overflow of good feeling, and a happy turn in all circumstances, she easily accommodated herself to the numberless annoyances and discomforts of a new country. In no home were the bachelor brethren more welcome than in hers. Putting everybody at ease in her presence, she won rapidly upon the hearts of the people. For seven swift years did she act her part, singing as she went, with a joyous heart; and then her work was suddenly ended. The cholera, that for a summer or two raged on the river, seized her as a victim, and in a few hours she was dead. Behind her were left a stricken husband, three little children, a bereaved people, and many mourning friends,—mourning, yet comforted; for a cheerful light plays about the sadness of that hour as they remember how she passed away in the strength of that beautiful psalm, "The Lord is my shepherd," which was read to her by a kind Christian friend in the moments while she was still conscious, but unable to speak.

Two years later, a third bereavement came. In this case, too, a wife was taken. Sarah E. Hill died May 21, 1852. She was born in Bath, Maine, Aug. 8, 1823, and was, therefore, twenty-nine years of age. As a worker, she was confined to a few short years; but they were years filled with the glowing enthusiasm of an ardent soul. Entering with zeal on the mission work, she attached herself at once to every thing in Iowa. All the brethren, all the sisters, all the churches, everything in and about her adopted state was hers. Into every plan and method of mission labor she threw her whole soul. The college, now in its prosperity, is the result, in part, of her faith and her gifts. It is not strange that to-day her two sons, as Christian young men, are on the list of its students; for, in their infancy, she gave them heartily and believingly to the Lord. After the labors of eight years,—some of them at frontier points, where mission work meant hardship and privation—she has found her grave on the banks of the Mississippi. Summer by summer there are those passing up and down the river who are wont to think, “There on those beautiful bluffs was our sister buried.” How soon all such travelers shall cease!

A few more years, and God spake again; this time, also, by the removal of a wife and sister. As her name is written, all who knew her will remember her quiet, gentle ways, the sweetness of her disposition, the steady, humble traits of her Christian character, Nat-

urally retiring, she found her province and her sway chiefly in the realms of domestic life, and yet won esteem and influence in wider circles. It was with apprehension that we saw the paleness of her cheek, amid the devotion of a wife and the cares of a mother; but we feel now that it was meet that a spirit like hers should be taken to a better world. Harriet R. Ripley was born at Drakesville, New Jersey, Sept. 13, 1820, and died at Davenport, April 4, 1857, at the age of thirty-seven.

It remains for one more lesson to be noted. This time it is the death of a brother; bringing us down to March 31, 1867. Then died, in Ottumwa, B. A. Spaulding, the second of the Band now deceased. He was truly a man of God. Possessed of more intellectual worth than it was his ambition to show, his aim was, in a frontier field, in the true home missionary spirit, to lay foundations for Christ. This he did in many a heart and in many a place. At the first, his was preeminently the work of an evangelist. Traveling on horseback over the New Purchase, he had twenty-five or thirty different places of meeting, some of them a hundred miles apart: preaching in groves and cabins, and organizing churches, where, ten years before, had been the Indian dance. For years he toiled thus, till, in due time, it was his privilege to see the heaven-pointing spires, to hear church-going bells, and to welcome new laborers in that at first wild and uncultivated region,

It was in these years that he subsequently declared that he had more joys, amid greater hardships, than at any other period of his life. Gradually his labors were contracted within narrower limits, till he became the pastor of the church in the place he at first selected as his home, and where he died. It was his privilege to be an actor in the twenty years for which Brother Hutchinson longed; and yet he was not satisfied. His disease, too, was consumption; and, as it began to be apparent that he must yield to it, his words were, "Oh, to do more for Jesus! Oh, for ten years to live, and do something for Christ!" But his work was done; and he was resigned, as, on a Saturday night, the death-shades gathered thick about him. "Is this the dark valley?" he inquired. Being told that it was, "It will not be long," he said. "Will it last till morning?" It did last till morning. At the Sabbath dawn he passed up to the day of rest. He was born in Billerica, Massachusetts, July 20, 1815; was a graduate of Harvard College and Andover Seminary. Dying March 31, 1867, he was fifty-two years of age. He left a wife and one child.

We have now noticed where a husband or a wife has, in repeated instances, been taken. Meanwhile, children have been born, and children, too, have died; but of them we cannot speak in detail. We must be content with this bare recognition of God's chastening hand in their removal. Changes have been going on outside the Band. A few names will be given, such

as are freshest in the mind of the writer. In other minds, doubtless, there are other names not given, just as fresh and just as worthy of mention as those that will appear.

First, as intimately associated with that of Mrs. Hill, because near as to time and place, was the death of Brother Thompson. William A. Thompson died May 3, 1852. All who were in the state at that time remember the mystery that shrouded this calamity. Judging from his intentions when he left home, and the position of his horse and buggy when found, it was thought that he must have been drowned in attempting to row a frail skiff across an arm of the Mississippi, in high water and a boisterous wind. There were suspicions of foul play, but they were not regarded as well founded. For weeks search was made for his body in vain. Standing by the newly-made grave of our sister, upon the bluffs overlooking the waters of the Mississippi, the thought was, "There, somewhere, is the grave of our brother." The following June, as the brethren were holding their annual Association at Muscatine, a few were walking, at a leisure hour, by the river's side, when a human body was seen floating towards the bank. Was it, could it be, that of their brother? This was the question that flashed on their minds. It soon appeared almost to a certainty that it was even so; yet to identify the body was difficult. Of the signs, they were not absolutely sure. A garment sent to the anxious, weary wife es-

tablished the fact. Thus, sixty miles below where the sad accident occurred, God brought to us the consolation that at least the body of our brother had been found. We buried it in the same ground where was buried the first sister taken. Brother Thompson was a good man, humble, earnest and prayerful. Entering the state at the same time with the brethren of the Band, he was reckoned as one of them. His loss was deeply felt by all.

Those here in the autumn of 1853 remember the joy occasioned by the arrival of two young men, apparently in the vigor of life, directly from their seminary studies. Mysterious has always seemed their fate. One of them, as he entered his field, seemed to labor as with the blessing of God on him—a young man of rare mental and social qualities and ardent piety. How astounding was the news of his sudden illness and death! Strong were the sympathies that his young wife carried back with her to her Eastern home. The brother here referred to was E. C. A. Woods, who died at Wapello, Nov. 4, 1854. Born in Newport, New Hampshire, September, 1824, he was thirty years of age.

The other was Oliver Dimon, who went to Keosauqua. By his excellences he won the affections of his people. But disease was on him, and he soon became prostrated and was carried back to his Eastern home to die.

Similar to these cases was that of another, who had

been trained among us. Joseph Bloomer was converted in one of our churches, at one time a member of our college, though he graduated at Amherst in 1856. From the first, so eager was he to be in the field, that he could not wait the usual course of study. It was well, perhaps, in his case, as one destined to early death, that he did not. He went to McGregor late in 1857. His labors were limited to a few brief months; but they were months of much zeal and great promise. The people felt the power of an earnest preacher among them. "Sharper sermons," said one, "I never heard than fell from his lips. I do not know, but, under God, he would have converted the whole town had he lived." He died suddenly, Feb. 21, 1858.

Another called from his work on earth was L. R. White. He, too, was a young man; though he was permitted to labor several years among us,—first at Le Claire, then at Summit and then at Brighton. At Le Claire, with great labor, he secured the erection of a house of worship. Many a one knows the foil recorded in that brief sentence. At Brighton he did the same thing. The sad fact in our memories is that the first gathering held in the new meeting-house was that convened at his funeral. His death was occasioned by a cold, together with over-exertion in his efforts to secure the completion of the house at a given time. He wrought, as many another missionary has done, with his own hands. He died at Brighton, May 30, 1858.

Later down, a father in the ministry was taken. Alfred Wright died at Durango, Nov. 8, 1865. Few who ever knew him will soon forget the inward grace that shone out on his cheerful face. So, also, we think of French, Waters, Mather, Brown, Leonard, and others.

Meanwhile, sisters were also passing away. There was one under whose roof, in the earlier years, we used always to find a hearty welcome, and whose calm trust and cheerful endurance preached us many a sermon; who, after years of suffering, died in the triumphant hope of joys to come. This was Mrs. Emerson. She closed her life at Sabula, January, 1856.

A few months earlier, one who had recently come among us, and was just entering joyously into our Iowa work, was called to the higher service of heaven. Mrs. Sarah W. Guernsey died at Dubuque, May 10, 1855. Her remains rest in the old burial-ground at New Haven, Conn. Pleasant memories of her and her Christian activities will long linger with those who then composed her husband's flock.

Another was Mrs. Abbey A. Magoun, a sister of Mrs. Hill. Of gentle nature, she was firm in the service of Christ. As a Christian woman, a mother, and a pastor's wife, she adorned her calling and station. She, too, sleeps on the banks of our beautiful river. Her death was at Lyons, Feb. 10, 1864.

We must speak of another, who, a little later, died at Durant, Dec. 7, 1866,—Mrs. Mary F. Bullen. We

could not, if we would, efface from our minds the sweetness of the expression she wore. Not even by death's cold touch shall it be marred. We well remember it, as turned to a heavenly smile.

There are memories, too, of dear brethren of the churches — of the hospitable Edwards; the venerable Cotton, a lineal descendant of old John Cotton of Boston; of Father Vincent, who, at one of our meetings, said the brethren were all daguerreotyped on his mind; of brethren, too, at the East, who in heart have been with us and of us, such as Mackintire, Carter, and others. How many come to mind, who to-day are with the multitude around the throne; who rest from their labors, and their works do follow them!

In the summer of 1863, during the Associational Meeting at Burlington, a few of the brethren, with their wives, went out to the grave of their Brother Hutchinson. Gathering around it, with uncovered heads, they bowed in prayer to God that the mantle of all that was excellent in him might fall upon them.

As we linger thus among the memories of the departed, may all that was noble in their lives and excellent in their characters be with us that remain, to stimulate and to cheer, till our race, too, shall be run, and we shall be reckoned with them!

Since the foregoing was written, and while this work is going through the press, another name is to be added to those of the Band who have gone. Eras-

tus Ripley died Feb. 21, 1870, in Somers, Connecticut, age fifty-five. He was born in Coventry, Connecticut, March 15, A.D. 1815; was a graduate of Union College; also of Andover Seminary, in the class of 1843. Elected as resident licentiate, he remained at Andover till the spring of 1844, when he joined his classmates in Iowa, taking charge of the church in Bentonsport. He remained at this place till the summer of 1848, when he was chosen the first professor of Iowa College at Davenport. From this time he was identified with the interests of the college; at first the only, afterwards associate, teacher, as Carter Professor of Ancient Languages, until the time of its removal to Grinnell in 1859. Shortly after this he returned to his native state, where, until his death, he was engaged in the profession of teaching, in which he took a high rank. Mr. Ripley's leading powers were those of a linguist. He was a good preacher, an enthusiastic teacher, and sought to lay all on the altar for Christ. His work is done, and he, too, has passed away.

CHAPTER XX

IN MEMORIAM, CONTINUED FROM 1870 TO 1902

IN the early years of Iowa the workers were few and comparatively young. A grey head in any congregation was a rare sight. Deaths were comparatively few, but, as workers increased with increasing years, they became more frequent, till now, in the thirty-one years past, the list is a long one. Of these mention can be made of but few. Naturally, it will be of the old pioneers before the Band. Of these there were seven: Turner, Reed, Gaylord, Burnham, Hitchcock, Emerson and Holbrook. They have all passed away. The first called was Rev. Reuben Gaylord, who died January 10, 1880, at the age of sixty-eight, at Fontanelle, Nebraska: a man who, from his youth, always had visions, and was never disobedient to them, of a glorious work to be done by planting Christian churches and Christian institutions in the opening West. He was the second of our pastors, and over the second of our churches formed, that at Danville, now Hartford. For seventeen years he labored with us, then, listening to a Macedonian cry from Nebraska, he went to Omaha. In a faithful pastorate there and wise labors as Home Missionary Super-



Julius A. Reed
Reuben Gaylord



A. B. Hitchcock
Father Asst. Turner
PIONEERS BEFORE THE BAND



John C. Hollbrook
Oliver Emerson



intendent, he built himself into the rising foundations of that new state. He sleeps on the banks of the Missouri. Four years later, on November 10, 1883, Rev. Oliver Emerson was called. He was born in Lynnfield, Massachusetts, March 26, 1813, making him at death seventy years of age. Of a weak body, one-half of which was paralyzed at birth, one foot deformed, never taking a step without pain, never seeing a well day, with little prospect that the days of manhood would ever be reached, at the age of fifteen he was a student at Phillips Academy, Andover, Massachusetts. In 1835 he graduated at Waterville, Maine. Then came two years of sickness. For a second time he had sought his home, probably to die, with great sorrow that he might never be able to preach. For three days he fasted and prayed that God would in some way show if it could be. His convictions were such that he soon started for Lane Seminary, where he graduated June 10, 1840. On the same day, unable to pay cabin fare, he took deck passage on a steamer for Davenport, Iowa, where in ten days he landed, an entire stranger, with a scanty wardrobe and depleted purse. He came as a Baptist, holding open communion views, but hoping to preach in that connection. He was disappointed in this, yet he began at once to preach. So fervent was he in spirit, his sermons so clear, logical and impassioned, that he was welcomed everywhere. With a hearty welcome, also, he was received into our Association, as one

whose great business it was to preach Christ and him crucified, and not to be a disturber on minor points. He labored in this connection most happily. For forty years was he "a voice crying in the wilderness," seeking out the new settlements, a genuine frontiersman. He had his appointments always on the Sabbath, often on weekday evenings, gathering the people, now in schoolhouses, and now in their own dwellings. As circumstances demanded, he gave attention to the erection of houses of worship and the forming of churches. Twenty or twenty-five of these remain as the fruits of his labor. His voice was hushed, but his memory remains. Go to any old person who knew him in his prime, tell him you knew Father Emerson, and his eye will kindle.

It is now but a step from '84 to '85 which brings us to the death of Rev. Asa Turner. We called him Father Turner, because he was as a father to us all, and the father, too, of Congregationalism in Iowa. It was a lecture of his, in a hill town of New Hampshire, more than half a century since, on "The Advantages of Western Farming," that led to the early colonizing of Denmark, Lee County. When in 1838 our church was organized there, he was invited to become its pastor, and accepted. There he continued for nearly forty years, a common-sense evangelistic preacher. As pastor, he was a true shepherd of his flock, while he was also helpful everywhere and interested everywhere in whatever pertained to the mat-

ters of the Kingdom, in the new territory. He was everywhere welcome for his genial spirit in the homes of the people, among brother ministers, in associations and public meetings, bearing with him an atmosphere of influence among all. But the time came for his labors to be laid aside. There were a few years of rest, first with a daughter in California, afterwards with another daughter in Oskaloosa, where, in the confinement of his sick chamber, he waited in confidence in his divine Redeemer for the summons to go up higher. They came June 11, 1886, at the age of eighty-six years and six months. So he was laid to rest as a shock of corn fully ripe.

The next to depart was Rev. Julius A. Reed. He was the third to come, and took charge of the third church, the one organized at Fairfield. In a few years, when an agent of the Missionary Society was demanded, he was the man chosen, and well chosen. Of pleasing address, a good scholar, accurate and logical in thought, clear and concise in expression, he interested the people in and out of the pulpit. Faithfully he explored the field, now on horseback, more generally in his buggy, high and lifted up, made expressly for fording rivers before the bridges were built. His good judgment as to strategic points, and good business habits in the forming of churches where the aid of councils and Christian helpers could not be had, were of great value in the early days. In the early planting and growth of the college, too, he was

one of the foremost actors. So he did his part well. But there was one thing, for which he was peculiarly fitted, that he did not do. He had an observant eye and a retentive memory. No one could have written a more truthful account of the early years than he. But he failed to do it. There was considerable material for this which he had collected, valuable papers and statistics, carefully prepared. But for him the end came. It was at Davenport, at the home of a daughter, Mrs. S. F. Smith, that he died.

As we bore him away to his resting-place, it was gladness to think of a life well spent, sorrowful that we should see his face no more, and sad to think that with him we committed so much history to the grave. He was born January 16, 1809, and died Aug. 27, 1890, aged eighty-one.

The next called were Brothers Burnham and Hitchcock. Mr. Burnham, though here at the coming of the Band, soon returned to his native state, New Hampshire. He was a graduate of Dartmouth, and a conscientious Christian man, and died at Townsend, Vermont, in 1883.

Mr. Hitchcock, too, soon after the coming of the Band, exchanged his field of labor at Davenport for one across the river at Moline, Illinois. The church there, with some others along the eastern bank of the Mississippi, being for some years attached to our Association in Iowa, he continued for a while a coworker with us, doing valiant work, especially in the causes

of anti-slavery and temperance. But ere long he became fully identified with the growing interests of the Kingdom in western Illinois. He labored on to his end. His sleeping-place is on the western bank of the great river, he having died at Moline, December 15, 1873, fifty-eight years old.

To this list one more name is to be added, that of Rev. John C. Holbrook, the last of the seven to go. His life was an eventful one. Inheriting in Brattleboro, Vermont, his native place, an extensive business, it did not succeed. Coming west, it was first farming, then teaching, but disappointment in both. Being sent by Rev. Stephen Peet, Home Missionary Agent in Wisconsin, to spend a Sabbath with the then little church at Dubuque, the brethren were at once interested in him, and engaged him to be their preacher. Application for licensure soon followed and was granted. At once it was evident that he had found his calling. With earnestness, zeal and power he began and for years continued as a revival preacher. Under his preaching revival succeeded revival, not only in his own church but in settlements around. His church grew and, partaking somewhat of his spirit, became a tower of strength among the churches of northern Iowa. Ere long he was called to other fields and to work too well known to be here rehearsed. He loved Iowa and Iowa loved him. His closing years were on the western coast. In his ripe old age his last days were in the home of a daughter

in Stockton, California, where in his ninety-fifth year he died, Aug. 1, 1900.

So in passing do we pay a tribute to the older, the true pioneers here. It is for the writer a pleasure so to do. The coming of the Band at the time was a movement that naturally caught the attention of the public and many things have been ascribed to them rightfully belonging as much to those into whose labors they entered, and whose spirit was ever with them. If these words shall help to give them their true place in the history of our churches, it is but a duty done that gives pleasure.

And now we turn again to the Band. From 1843 to 1870, the period covered by the memorial chapter of the first edition, but three were taken, Hutchinson, Spaulding and Ripley. In the period from 1870 to 1901, all but two have passed the river. The first to be recorded is that of Rev. James J. Hill. He was a native of Maine and a graduate of Bowdoin. On account of the sickness and death of his father, he could not come with his brethren in 1843, but he followed the next spring, locating at Jacksonville, now Garnavillo, Clayton County. This, at the time, was the extreme northern limit of settlement, in a region where it used to be said that the staple provisions were corn dodgers, bear's meat and wild honey. There he built a house. There he led the people in the building of a church. There were born to him and his young wife, also from Maine, his two sons,

known as the Hill boys, Gershom and James. He labored in many places as an evangelist,⁴⁵ organizing churches, and also at such points as Savannah, Illinois, Glencoe, Minnesota, and Fayette, Iowa, where in one or two cases memorial windows have been supplied in grateful recollection of his ministry.

These labors were mostly in central and northern Iowa, but sometimes in adjacent counties in Illinois and in southern Minnesota.⁴⁶ His last labors were in Fayette, Iowa, where, after an illness of a year, he died Oct. 29, 1870, at the age of fifty-five, leaving a second wife and family. His two sons, already referred to, laid him away at Grinnell. The remains of their mother, the wife of his youth, they also removed from the bank of the Mississippi to rest by his side.

The next name to be dropped from the roll of the living was Rev. Daniel Lane. Like Mr. Hill, he was a native of Maine and a graduate of Bowdoin. He was the man who first said, "Well, I am going to Iowa; whether anybody else goes or not, I am going." So he always decided like questions, independently for himself, with his God. His decisions made, he was always careful as to what he said and did. "There,"

⁴⁵ Twenty-five years after his death, one of his sons being present at the Sunday Morning Service, November 24, 1855, in the Congregational Church in Toledo, Iowa—observed in the choir one of the members of the leading firm of lawyers in Tama Co., who said to the visitor, "Your father labored in a revival here. By him I was led to the Saviour. Except for his faithful work here I probably should not have been in that choir this morning."

⁴⁶ He was called upon to officiate at the first service of Plymouth Church, St. Paul, in Concert Hall on Third Street, May 16, 1858.

said one in a company of brother ministers, "there is the only perfect man I ever knew." As a God-fearing man there was in his very presence a rebuke of sin. "I always feel like hiding," said a frequenter of saloons, "when I see Mr. Lane coming along the street." His first and main pastoral work was at Keosauqua for some years, till at the solicitation of his brethren he left that field to become a teacher in the college in which and for which he did noble work. There was something in him or about him that won the esteem of all with whom he had to do, whether as pastor or teacher. When in after years the church at Keosauqua built a new house of worship, a memorial window was evidence of the abiding esteem for the first pastor. Where you find an old pupil of his there you will hear a tribute of praise to his memory. Being dead he yet speaketh. His influence among his brethren at Associations and among the churches can easily be imagined. Afflicted with increasing deafness, he gave up both teaching and preaching some years before his death, the last of which were spent near his Eastern home. Almost up to the time of his death he had a class in the Sabbath-school and conducted a weekly prayer-meeting of neighbors at his home, which was some distance from the village church. So at last the end came. It was at Freeport, Maine, the third of April, 1890, at the age of seventy-seven. But a few weeks since, April 18, 1900, his devoted wife was laid by his side. Having loved Iowa in their

youth, their chosen field of labor, they loved her to the end.

But four months after, he was followed by Brother E. B. Turner. Of an adventurous spirit, with a love of the West, after three years of student life at Jacksonville, Illinois, and having a purpose already formed to go west somewhere, he readily came into the plans of the Band, to whom his own experiences were at once of great value. He began labor here in Jones and adjacent counties. These contained the most northern settlements in the territory and the farthest to the northwest of the United States. In the years spent there he shared the hardships and exposures of the earlier settlers; they dreamed not of the conveniences of modern times. Here was the sum of his Iowa labors. After a faithful and successful pastorate at Morris, Illinois, he was called at the close of the rebellion to be Superintendent of Home Missions in Missouri. There were twelve years of arduous toil in this capacity, then followed a few more of missionary labors in New York state, and then came the evening of life, in Owego, where he died, the 6th of July, 1895, at the age of eighty-three. By his side was laid his wife, October 26, 1896.

From 1890 to 1896 there is no more break. In the latter year two were taken. First came the departure of Harvey Adams. He was the oldest of the Band. His first field was Farmington, near the Abner Kneeland colony, once noted, but now scarcely

known. He was the only one who in a busy pastorate and in labors peculiar to early Western life kept up a critical study of the Scriptures in the original languages. He was also a great reader of the Bible in the English. He read it in course, how many times through is not known. After the close of his active labors, it was once fifteen times in one year; in another, fourteen. His last pastorate was at New Hampton, where also he was pastor emeritus. Always, while strength was given him, he was a constant attendant at church, always having a seat in the pulpit and generally making a prayer in the course of the exercises. So he went on to the end which came September 23, 1896, when he was eighty-seven years old.

Three months after this came the death of Brother Robbins, December 27, 1896, at the age of seventy-nine years, ten months and five days. Then the places that knew him were to know him no more. His place in a church and in a city where for half a century he had gone in and out as a preacher of righteousness, where by his long ministrations and intimate connections with the life of the people he had come to be almost a pastor of all, that place by his death was now vacant. That place also was made vacant in the board of college trustees, where he was last of its first corporate members to be taken save one. In like manner, also, in our seminary at Chicago, as well as the American Board of Commissioners for Foreign

Missions, was there a vacancy never to be really filled. There were, moreover, other positions, other works of a public character, but the grave had taken him from them all.

On the list we are now considering but one name remains, that of Ebenezer Alden. He came in 1843 and for five years was at Tipton, Cedar County, the "one in whom all the people believed." Domestic relations were the cause of his return to the East, where he soon found a pastorate at Marshfield, Massachusetts, which he filled through his active Christian life. He died suddenly, January 4, 1889, aged eighty, having loved and loving Iowa to the end and his Iowa brethren loving him.

And now, what of those fellow workers who in these later years have been dropping from the ranks? Here, as we turn our thoughts backward, they pass before us a long procession, among them those as under-shepherds faithfully feeding their flocks, till, under the weight of years, they took the name of Father—as, Father Tenney, Hurlburt, Taylor, Todd, Windsor. Here are the names of Coleman and Upton, whose end came on the Pacific shore; of Little, once a foreign, afterwards a home missionary; of Gibbs, Avery, Allen; of Bingham, also, not so fatherly as some because in old age so young. Then there were others, not so far along in life as to take the name of Father, but "called" in their strength, before the declining years had come; as Guernsey, Thatcher, Hoyt,

Woodworth, Brintnall, and Bennett the teacher and preacher whose last labors were in Nebraska; and some cut down in the prime of life; as Dwight, Pickett, Sloan, Berry and Byres; and, younger still, June and Magoun. And names of devoted men, pillars in their church, how they multiply! Fox, Brown, Shedd, Epps, pioneer settlers of Denmark; Beardsley and Hedge, of Burlington; Rogers and Wright, the ever faithful in Mitchell association; Gaston, also, whose soul and money went into the founding of Tabor College, and—but who can give the names of the good, strong men of our churches who have passed away? And there are godly women, too, on whose counsels and prayers the life of churches hung, women of missionary zeal, whose spirits yet live—Edwards, Lassie, Riggs, Magoun, Parker, Daniels, Estes, Hillis. But here, again, who but the recording angel can tell what woman hath done in quiet, silent ways, never published to the world?

Thus are recorded a few names that come to mind. Many, many others there are just as worthy of mention, but what one memory can contain them all?

The wonderful developments of our state have been, and are yet to be, in three great lines: the physical, the educational, the moral and religious. Rich and enriching are the lives in harmony with and helpful in each. They are the lives that tend toward the culmination of all, the glory of God, in the well-being of man in a world ever growing more and more beauti-

ful, preparatory all, as designed by Him, for the glories of the next.

They who have gone before us, whose lives in part have been with ours, are sleeping now; some, the most of them, in their Iowa graves; some scattered elsewhere. But blessed are the dead that die in the Lord. They rest from their labors, and their works follow them.

"One by one
Their work well done
They disappear;
Each veteran pioneer,
Responding to the mandate of his Lord.
Ascends to meet a rich reward,
Translated to a brighter realm, a higher sphere."

CHAPTER XXI

OUTLOOK AND CONCLUSION

THUS have we cast our thoughts backward. For a moment we have held this fair land in view, as, but a few years ago, its forests, its prairies, its rivers, were vast solitudes of Nature's richness and beauty, which for centuries had waited the magic touch of civilized life. Here, with the thronging thousands, have the lives of those of us that have been in Iowa for the last three, five, ten, twenty, or thirty years, entered in.

By these reminiscences, in the changes wrought, have we been led to think of our individual work and associated labors. We have thought, too,—and perhaps, in passing, have shed the tear of affection as we have thought—of those who entered with us, and have fallen by the way. In the midst of the serious and the sad, there has been much to encourage and rejoice. We have not labored in vain; but the end is not yet. To the most of us that have been here even the longest, life, with somewhat of health and vigor, is still spared; and work yet remains.

We take not our review as in evening's shade, with the armor off, awaiting repose; but as at noon tide

heat, with the outlook of demands, opportunities and labors before us of the declining day. And what see we here? A mighty state, which as yet even is but in the dawn of its development. Of her area of fifty-five thousand square miles, there are two-thirds, or twenty-five millions of its rich acres that as yet bear upon them the native prairie sod. Already the fourth state in the Union in the production of some of the cereals, what is it yet to be? It is only here and there that her watercourses, abundant in their privileges, have been made to turn the busy wheels of art; while her extensive fields of minerals and coal have but just begun to be worked. Her system of railroads—with near two thousand miles already in operation, with the converging lines meeting on its western border, there to unite with the great Pacific—is yet to be completed. Then will she lie, as favored of God, on the great highway of the nations, and as central therein. Then by her roads and rivers she will send out from and draw to herself, as she lists, from the North and the South, the East and the West.

It only remains for a growing population to carry out and develop all these resources garnered in her bosom. A guarantee for this we have in the record of the past. In 1836, the population was ten thousand; in 1846, ninety-seven thousand; in 1856, five hundred and nineteen thousand. Now, in 1870, it is estimated at one million and a quarter. How it will stand when he who reviews the next quarter-century shall an-

nounce the figures, a conjecture will not be hazarded. Nor as to the scenes of development and progress which it will be his privilege to unfold, will any prophecy be made. Only this: if by the appliances of education, virtue, piety, religion, the tone and vigor of the people can be kept up and improved; if her schools, colleges, institutions and churches can be made to act well their part—the results in this state for the country, the world and for God will be glorious. Here, then, with all others of the good and the true, is our work and our labor. If, to any, the sun of his day seems to be hanging low, let him do with his might what his hand findeth to do. Surely, in Iowa even, the mission field is but just entered.

But let us extend our view. West of us there is already a region containing four millions of people, where, twenty-five years ago, there were none. Here is opening the West of to-day. Here are almost two-thirds of our national domain, all organized into states or territories, rapidly filling up, but as yet, in the main, almost destitute of the institutions of the gospel. In Washington Territory, with its seventy thousand square miles; Idaho, with its one hundred thousand; Montana, a third larger still; Utah, New Mexico, Arizona, Nevada, none of them smaller than the others, some larger,—in all these, the number of the laborers of our order can to-day be counted upon one's fingers, while that of all other denominations is small. This is not from want of people, but because the laborers are

few. The tide of population from all parts of the world stays not, and the work grows. Here, truly, our home mission field is almost boundless. Nor is this all. The work is far from being complete in the states east of us, as well as in our own; while all over the South, the cry, no doubt, will yet be heard, "Come and help us also." The spectacle before us is almost appalling: it is really so if we gaze long enough to see in the character of our people, and the genius of our government, the necessity, the absolute necessity, of the gospel of Jesus Christ to fuse us as one, to purify and preserve. Failing to supply this, our nation fails, as becoming effete and worthless without the preserving salt. There are certain notorious facts that may well alarm us. Not only is there alarming destitution in the newer portions of the country, but there is equally alarming indifference in the older. A fourth part of our thirty-seven millions of people are habitual neglecters of public worship. Organized efforts are made in many quarters to break down the sanctity of the Sabbath. Infidelity is rife. The press is in a great measure corrupted and corrupting. Profanity, intemperance, corruption, political and financial, are sadly prevalent. These influences must be withstood, if our country is to be safe. The only efficient counteracting influence is the gospel. The work of giving it must ever be largely a home mission work. Even now, with such an outlook before us, we seem to stand only at the threshold of the home missionary enterprise.

After looking at the past in what now seems to be this little field of Iowa, with this glance around and before us, reflections of various sorts crowd thick upon us. In the utterance of a few will be found our conclusion.

For the Executive Committee and the Secretaries of the Society prosecuting this great home work:

It is yours to stand as upon the watch-tower, surveying the wants of this vast, outspreading field, and to make report of the same to the people. It is yours to direct the money and the men volunteered for their supply, and to report of progress made. You stand as at the very center of the whole. Of the responsibilities of your position, the great trust reposed in you by the churches, we have not a word to say. These you have well considered, and no one can feel them as you can. Nor is it an exhortation to be faithful that we presume to offer, but simply an All hail! in your great and glorious work; to join with you in thanks to God for his blessing upon it in the past, with a hearty Godspeed for you in the future. May enlarged wisdom and grace be given you for the enlarged and growing wants of the field!

For the Donors:

If you have wasted money anywhere, it is not in this work. Here, bread cast upon the waters returns again after not many days. Here is a great and growing

want, which, so far as you are concerned, money alone, with prayer, can supply. For your money, then, we appeal in the name of all that is near, dear and precious—in the name of home, country, Christ and souls. Fill up the treasury at New York, that, for the want of money, this great work stay not. In money are the sinews of war. We found it so in the great struggle just passed; and how like water was it poured out! How selfish, how mean, and how sordid lie who would hoard it then! But a greater conflict is now raging between the good and the evil, all over the land. It is the old warfare of the two kingdoms; and never, in any country, was the conflict sharper than in ours now. Never before was such a prize to be lost and won. On the one side are the standards of the arch-enemy, and many are flocking thereto; on the other is the banner of the cross. That victory may perch upon it, the great thing needed is, that churches, mission churches of the Lord Jesus Christ, be planted everywhere, out upon the frontiers, up and down the land, as outposts, forts and citadels of the fight. Will you furnish the means?

For the young men:

Men are needed as well as means. You in colleges and seminaries, with the ministry in view, and you in the churches, that have hearts that can feel and tongues to express the things of Jesus, let us speak to you. A few young men there are out in these West-

ern fields, who never saw a seminary or college, who are successfully feeding the Lord's flocks in the wilderness. Would that we had hundreds, yea, thousands, of them! Christian young men in our churches, are you, if God will, just as ready to be ministers as you are to be engineers, merchants or farmers? You that are in colleges and seminaries, are you willing to go anywhere to preach Jesus? "Send me," said one at the home missionary rooms, more than thirty years ago,—"send me to the hardest spot you have."⁴⁷ They sent him; sent him where it was indeed desolate and drear. But now, if all is not as the garden of the Lord, he can at least look around him and behold the mighty things that God has wrought. Young men, be not afraid to launch out. There are no waters without the steps of Jesus upon them; and his promise, "Lo I am with you alway," reaches unto the ends of the earth.

For our churches, the churches of our beloved Iowa:
The Lord hath blessed you; but how much, under God, do you owe to the Home Missionary Society! Recognize the debt. Look around you, and see others in want. Feel the obligation by every means in your power to attain the point of self-support at the earliest possible period, and then join in with your helpers to be the helpers of others. The time is coming, yea, now is, when the churches of the West, in the matter

⁴⁷ Rev. R. Kent who was sent to Galena, Ill.

of the great benevolent objects of the day, must come up to the help of the Lord as they have never yet done. Let not those of Iowa be in the rear. "Freely ye have received, freely give." Not of your money only; of your prayers and labors also,—the prayers and labors of your individual members, in the wise work of winning souls around you, that each church may indeed be a mission church for the field within its reach. By Sabbath-schools, teachers sent here and there, by neighborhood prayer-meetings, by lay preaching, if you choose to call it so, upon the Sabbath, by every method within the church and around it, work for Jesus. In no other way can our surrounding wants be reached. We cannot call for ministers to do all the work. They are not to be had; and, if they were, it is better to be workers ourselves. We cannot call upon the Home Missionary Society for all the needed help. It would be asking for what it has not to give; and, were all the money and men at its command increased a hundredfold, there are central and promising fields in waiting for them all, in the regions around and beyond. With a limited supply, the great work of the Home Missionary Society must ever be to gather up and establish churches. Let but these be true to their work, let them be mission churches in deed as well as in name, and the system will be more complete. Let the churches of Iowa learn the lesson, and fill up the work remaining to be done. The work can easily be accomplished,

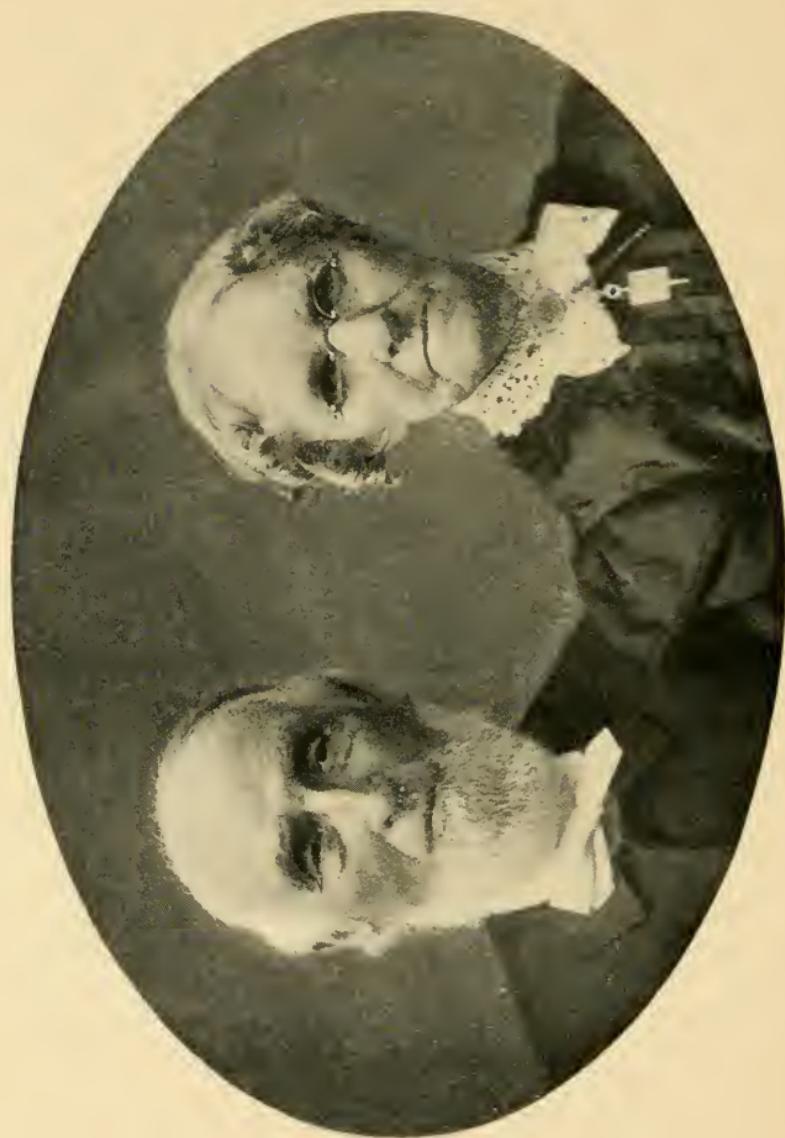
For the ministry of Iowa:

To you who were on the field prior to 1843, we cede the honor of being the pioneers in this blessed work. By you, in many respects, were the foundations laid, the key-note of the true principles of our Christian work and church growth struck. If, after your years of watching, waiting, almost despairing, you recognize it as of God that youthful helpers were sent to you, they also recognize it as of him that you were here, to be in many respects their light and their guide; and, among you, none more than he, who, after his forty years of service in the gospel ministry, has just laid off his pastoral harness. May the Lord long spare him to be to us what hitherto he has been!

Those who have joined us since 1843 will not feel that they are excluded in this quarter-century review; for they, too, have been sharers in the work accomplished. Let each be joyous in view of it, according to the time and faithfulness given to it. May you, dear brethren, as faithful workers for Christ, be true lovers of Iowa, even as those who have been longest here!

Finally, The Band:

God hath been gracious to us. Three only has he taken by death; three have been called to other fields of labor; five yet remain. How much longer we are to labor here, we know not. This we know: it is past the noontide, and soon, very soon, the evening shades will come. When the setting sun hangs low, God grant that we may look back on a day well spent!



DR. AND MRS. EPHRAIM ADAMS

CHAPTER XXII

EVENTIDE

THE review in the preceding chapter was taken thirty-one years ago. Then was the noon of life, now the sun is near its setting; an hour that invites not only to rest from labor but to moments of reflection. When Isaac went out to meditate, it was at eventide. The author, sitting down at the eventide of his life to pen a few reflections for this closing chapter, would meditate, as it were, aloud. Here alone, almost wholly alone; the old workers all gone; of the Band all but two. Brother Salter yet remains, the pastor, although with an assistant, of his Burlington church which a few years since celebrated the fiftieth anniversary of his labors among them. He was the youngest of the Band and very likely will be the last. Ere long, probably, the cane will be his.⁴⁸ How sad was the accident on that bright summer morning that took from him his beloved wife!⁴⁹ Of the first wives of the other members of the Band, they, also, are gone, all but two. The wife of Brother Spaulding still lives at Ottumwa, the scene of their

⁴⁸ Note 16.

⁴⁹ Note 17.

early labors. The other is she who is with me yet. Why are we thus spared, together, the only two permitted to see a golden wedding day? Of later co-workers that have passed away as the years have gone, what a list! As their names are recalled and the names, too, of many of the members of the early churches, there starts up a face, attitudes are seen, tones of voice are heard, but they are no longer here. For each one the sun has set. What a large company from Iowa is gathered on that brighter shore! To be there when the shades of night have settled over this eventide, then to go in the infinite grace of the heavenly Father to join them, is the hope. And yet, while the eventide remains, 't is pleasant to think of the past. First of all, how God's hand has been in everything! As to the Band, its organization, its choice of a field, the timeliness of entering it, its preparedness to be entered, these were not from any human foresight or wisdom, but somehow of God. And since coming in the inexperience of youth to begin here the work of the ministry, in such a country as this then was, and continuing in it these many years, how evident now that God's care has attended! Twice only have there been even moments of anything like homesickness or anxiety. Once in the earlier years, in cholera times, when leaving the unkept burying ground, a marshy, weedy place, where we had buried one who had been suddenly stricken, the thought, Oh, to be taken sick and to die, perhaps,

and buried in such a place as this, far, far away from home and kindred! caused a shudder for a moment; but nothing of the kind has happened. Youth has been spared to manhood and manhood to age, even to old age of eighty and three. No chills or fever. In my preaching days, not a sick one of any kind; every appointment filled except a half dozen or so. Surely God's care has been constant. Twice lonely. Once in those early years, again, later. As the older brethren and those of the Band began to drop off and new brethren to multiply, there came one day the thought of becoming old, of standing almost alone, of being among newcomers, unknown, uncared for, unnoticed, set aside. This, too, for a moment was like a gathering cloud. But it has never been. Age, to be sure, but not the other part of it. A great joy has it been and one of life's great privileges to meet the brethren, especially at Association time. Never was one anticipated with greater pleasure than the one next to be held. So, as a Band, God has been good to us, not only in giving a goodly field, in his individual care, but in blessing us in our labors. Looking backward upon the past, there is but one unpleasant thought that intrudes. It is that there has been such dulness to see and slowness to improve the opportunities scattered all along the way. And yet, close to this there comes another, that God has used even imperfect instruments to his own glory. And this is joy again. Were life to be lived over, this

would be a good motto—Do the work at hand, do it well, and God will open the way. For he hath opened it and wrought, most wonderfully wrought.

Yes, what wonderful changes, how great the progress made! Not now in the world abroad, but in Iowa! When entered in 1843, it was a wild, Indian country, save two narrow strips; now it is a Christian state, covered over with happy homes; its once bridgeless streams, bridged; in place of bridle paths, roads for vehicles of business and pleasure; railroads, too, lacing and interlacing till stations are placed within a few miles of every home. Better yet, within every two miles provision is made for a schoolhouse. In every town and city, among the noblest buildings, are schoolhouses for the children. 13,861 schoolhouses valued at \$17,655.992; 28,789 teachers. These are pleasant figures to look at. As they are considered, there comes to mind a picture of a schoolhouse, visited over fifty years ago, where the teacher was weaving cloth, his loom festooned with pumpkins cut in strips and hung up to dry. A contrast, surely! And then the academies, the colleges, the seminaries. Our own Denmark Academy the first of all in territorial days. And of colleges, our Iowa College the first in the state. We called it a college then; it was in fact only a school at first, and a small one at that; but we called it a college, not for what it was, but was to be. It is pleasant now to look back and see how it has grown. Fresh in mind as if yes-

terday is that rainy afternoon when its first little building at Davenport was dedicated. Not more than a dozen present. A prayer and a brief address. To think now of the Grinnell Campus, with its buildings and furnishings, its teachers, students and graduates—this is pleasing. It is a long term of service given to it, that of trustee from the first till now, at no trifling cost of time and money, and not a little of toil, with some anxiety. But to attend even one Commencement pays for it all. So there is pleasure also in thinking how the churches have multiplied. Instead of that little one at Denmark of 32 members in 1838, the first of our Congregational churches now extant, west of the Mississippi, there are now over 300 of them with a membership of over a thousand to one then. To think of the vast numbers these churches have sent to the West and North, to Kansas, Nebraska, the Dakotas and elsewhere, even to the Pacific, showing how Iowa has been a kind of seed plot for regions around and beyond—all this is pleasant. To have seen all this growth and development in one's own life, the privilege of having been in it and of it, is now the glow of the sunset hour. To see, as now it is so plainly seen, how God's hand has been in it all, makes it an hour, not only of joy and thanksgiving for the past, but of faith and hope for the future that things begun are to go on. Yes, with faith in God's loving this world and working for its redemption, life's sun is setting with no pessimistic cloud to obscure, but,

rather, in the glow of faith and hope. True, the skies are not all clear; clouds there are, enough of them. The millennium is not here; peace is not yet abroad upon the earth. The sins of the nations, yea, of the people, are many. The problems thicken of things to be done and changes to be made. To a thoughtful mind the appearance of impending crises is oppressive. But then it always has been so. And how the crises have been passed; what changes for the better have come, even in one short life, warranting faith and hope as to the outcome!

In youth, slavery like a dark pall overshadowed the land. Where is it now? How many things come to mind, once tolerated and defended, now discarded, set aside, things in which some religious principle or moral element was involved. Why should not the good work go on? Why not changes come—change after change, raising higher and higher the standard of morals, making our Christian civilization more truly Christian—Christians everywhere becoming more truly such, realizing what in this world it means *to be* a Christian? And what a gap here between what is and what ought to be! What a curtailment of worldly living; what truer use of talents and possessions as God's gifts for doing good in the world there must be before we begin to follow closely in the footsteps of our blessed Lord! Yes, *begin* to do it. For how superficial, how shallow does life now seem to have been! Looking at it thus in the reflections

of this eventide, how it seems as though the great thing needed was for Christians somehow to be brought to a stand in the rush and whirl of life, and each take time seriously to inquire, "Am I living as the Lord Jesus would have me? As to the purpose of my life, the use of what God has given me of talents, wealth and opportunities; in my home and among my neighbors; in social and civil life; in everything, even to the food I eat and the clothes I wear; am I living as Christ would have me, ready to put off and to put on, so as to be meet for his use here, and to meet him in glory hereafter?"

This would be a revival indeed!—just the revival which seems to be now needed; the only revival that can save the Church from being weighted down by shallow conversions, if conversions at all, followed by a low standard of Christian living, which she in her own practice is herself imposing. Such a revival is what the Church needs. The world needs it; in a sense is waiting for it, that there may be felt in it the force of the living Christ in the hearts and lives of his followers. For, somehow, just as this is, the standards of morality are raised, and the forces of evil are weakened.

Here we catch a glimpse of the time when strifes and contention shall have ceased; the mists and the clouds shall have cleared away; capital and labor and all such problems have found their solution; social questions, their ready answer; this greed for wealth

have died out ; prosperity be sanctified, and the whole earth smile in the goodness of the Lord. This, when Christ is enthroned in the hearts of the children of men.

And if this is ever to be, who shall lead the way? Who but they who stand at the altar, the ministers of Christ, as the prophets of the Lord? they in boldness to declare the claims of the Lord Jesus upon every soul; that infidelity to him or wandering from him are sins calling for repentance and return; that for any soul refusing to obey him there is no hope of life eternal; that nations too can incur the displeasure and bring down the judgments of God who hath said of our Lord and Christ, "This is my beloved Son, hear him."

As these reflections come at this hour, when in a measure life's work is done and one seems almost alone with God, to what conclusions are they leading? Is it that from our pulpits the tone of awe and reverence of a holy God, a fear of his justice and judgments has been dying out? This not to frighten people, but to be true to God and to show that we see his ways and walk in them. Perhaps.

At any rate, if ever there was a time when the ministry should seriously inquire how to live and how to preach, now is the day. As these thoughts are borne in, the impulse comes to break out of this meditative mood and utter to the ministry at large a word of —, but no! this is too assuming. Still,

had I the ear of my brother ministers in Iowa, I would dare to say, Dear brethren, the crown of all work, the most potent, the most far-reaching power for good in this world, so far as man is concerned, is the preaching of the gospel of our Lord Jesus Christ, each one in the church and among the people where in the providence of God he is placed. In his providence you are here in Iowa. One cannot go everywhere or do everything. This is your field. What better can you desire? Ponder well its history; its rapid growth; its wonderful development. There is inspiration in it. If in its workers at the beginning of things you see aught to admire or imitate, bear it in mind. But live not in the past. Dwell not upon it as though the favored times were behind you. Think not in yourselves to say, "No frontiers now; no more the days of heroic, Christian labor here, but the humdrum of commonplace, everyday work." No! no! Keep your eye upon the present. See what is *now* going on; what *now* is to be done, with your face ever to the future. Growth and development! They are just beginning. Look up and around. Two millions and more now here, indeed, but millions more are soon to be. The vast territories of thirty-one years ago are states now swiftly filling up with their millions crowding on to far distant Alaska. The whole nation is expanding within and without. New problems are pressing, problems at home and problems abroad. Think of Cuba. Think of the Philippines. Think of

the world. No! no! You stand at the threshold of mighty things, in view of which, now, now are the beginnings. This new century is to pass away and others are to come. It opens with no bow of peace spanning the heavens; no breaking of clouds as of victories easily won; but the gatherings of storms and conflicts rather.

The final issue is indeed sure, for God is; but not without faithful, courageous and self-denying labor on the part of his people. No! no! again. The true frontiers, the heroic days are before, not behind. Around every Christian minister there runs a line across which are new steps to be taken, new advances made to bring him nearer to the pattern of his Lord. So around his church. So around the whole Church at large in these world-engrossing days. The wide, wide gap must be filled, for a type of Christianity to cope with the present-day forces of this evil world and do the work now opening up before us.

For the doors are being lifted up. We are talking of a King and a kingdom here on earth as never before. We are beginning to realize that it is not simply a personal salvation by and by in heaven above through a quiet, silent faith in Jesus; this world endured, got along with till that shall be, but that this Jesus has a kingdom here on earth. This kingdom is to be established by the faithful service of those who hear his voice. "As my Father hath sent me even so send I you." They that toil even to self-denial and

suffering here, are the ones to reign with Him above. What a life this is compared to one of ease and quiet with our heads upon the bosom of the Church and our hearts in the world!

Dear brethren, in view of the world's need, with the gospel remedy so plainly in view, do not the very times demand a Christian living and a Christian preaching as never before? Who will lead the way? Here is the frontier work, here are to be found the heroic days. Soon, soon this young century will have grown old. Sooner, sooner than this your sun will have set. Let it be at the close of a day well spent. Each faithful in his own field, for faithful work in Iowa is world-wide. Help to make her more and more the gem of states. This cannot fail to bless the nation and the nations of earth.

A single word more,—not as an expression simply of personal feeling, but in behalf of my brethren of the Band now no more, but who, if living, would doubtless join me in saying, "Dear brethren, you have been kind to us, and very considerate. We have loved the work, have loved you. In your annual gatherings of fellowship and counsel some of us have always been with you, till but two are left. Ere long it will be said, "The last one is gone." May the blessings of God rest upon you. Be ye faithful. And now, adieu.

APPENDIXES

APPENDIX I

MINUTES AT OCCASIONAL MEETINGS OF THE BAND

The undersigned of the Class of 1843 in the Theological Seminary of Andover assembled in the twentieth year since their landing in Iowa at the 24th annual meeting of the Congregational Association of the State, record with gratitude their testimony to the faithfulness and care with which Divine Providence and grace have upheld them, their continued and confirmed trust in the promises of the great Head of the Church, their joy and gladness of heart in the work; and they send to their brethren in every place who labor in the cause of salvation and especially those who from generation to generation shall succeed them in this field, words of greeting and cheer.

Burlington, June 6, A.D. 1863.

HARVEY ADAMS,
DANIEL LANE,
J. J. HILL,
A. B. ROBBINS,
E. ADAMS,
B. A. SPAULDING,
WILLIAM SALTER.

Drawn up by William Salter.

Burlington, June 6, 1873.

Again the undersigned of the Class of 1843 in the Seminary of Andover, Massachusetts, convened at the home of our brother and classmate, Rev. Wm. Salter, at the 34th annual meet of the Congregational Association of Iowa, our adopted state, renew their testimony to the faithfulness and care of the God of their fathers. We render humble thanks for the

continuance not only of our own lives but also of the lives of those whom God has made of "one flesh" with us.

From the beginning of our labors in this Western field to the present time, we have rejoiced that the great Head of the Church directed our footsteps thither, and we here record our earnest conviction that humility, gratitude, love and faith in God should be the controlling feelings of our hearts towards Him who thus far has led us on. By his grace we are what we are. By his grace we have accomplished what little we have done. In the same grace we will trust unto the end.

DANIEL LANE, aged 60,
 EPHRAIM ADAMS, aged 55,
 ALDEN B. ROBBINS, aged 56,
 WILLIAM SALTER, aged 51,
 HARVEY ADAMS, aged 64.

Drawn up by Daniel Lane.

Burlington, Iowa, June 2, 1876.

Nearly thirty-three years ago the undersigned members of the class of 1843 at Andover landed at this place, inquiring for the most needy fields of missionary labor in Iowa territory. We thank God for this third of a century of opportunity to bear some humble part in planting churches of Christ in this great state and other states, and in laying foundations of educational institutions. Though a few wrinkles upon the brow and silver locks remind us that bone and muscle will wear out, we are not weary in well doing. Our hearts were never more cheerful, our love for the work stronger, or our faith in the triumph of the gospel over this fair Western land of our adoption more firm. We meet here on the 35th annual gathering of the churches of Iowa to witness with joy what the Lord has done for Iowa. Probably we shall not all of us meet again in the flesh. But the shining river is not far ahead, where we shall soon meet and have ample time to recount our life experiences and work.

E. B. TURNER, age 63,
 E. ADAMS, age 58,
 HARVEY ADAMS, age 67,
 A. B. ROBBINS, age 59,
 W. SALTER, age 54.

Drawn up by E. B. Turner.

Muscatine, Iowa, May 19, 1893.

Members of the Class of 1843, Andover Theological Seminary, who came in that year to the territory of Iowa to prosecute the work of the Lord Jesus and who have continued therein to the present time, assembled at the 54th annual meeting of the Congregational Association of Iowa in the City of Muscatine, the field of labor in which one of our number has fulfilled his ministry of continuous service from the beginning, and now gathered together in the hospitable home of Mrs. Dr. P. B. Johnson, of this city, record their testimony to the loving-kindness of the Lord in all the years of their labor and their unfaltering faith in the gospel of our Saviour which they have humbly endeavored to preach in simplicity and godly sincerity, not with fleshly wisdom, but by the grace of God. They assure their successors in the work of the fidelity of the great Head of the Church to the promise, "Lo I am with you alway, even unto the end of the world." And they commend that promise to the firm, implicit confidence of those who are called to teach men to observe and to do all things whatsoever that Jesus commands.

HARVEY ADAMS,
A. B. ROBBINS,
E. ADAMS,
WM. SALTER.

Drawn up by William Salter.

Waterloo, Iowa, Sept. 16, 1895.

The undersigned members of the Iowa Band deem the present date a fitting occasion to note some of the special dealings of our heavenly Father with us, and to express our acknowledgments of his continued goodness. While all of us who remain have been allowed to pass our three score and ten, and some by many years, yet death has taken loved ones from our households. The wives of three of the Band have left for their heavenly home. These were Mrs. Wm. Salter, Mrs. Harvey Adams, and Mrs. A. B. Robbins. They were women who had made happy homes, who had also served the churches and their generation well. While by their departure their surviving partners and parishes are made to feel the weight of a great sorrow, they yet feel that the departed are enjoying the reward of their earthly service. Also one of the Band has fallen asleep—the Rev. E. B. Turner. His labors were more largely in Illinois and Missouri. There are now

surviving of the Band four in Iowa, and one in Massachusetts. Of the wives still living, there are Mrs. D. Lane, Mrs. E. B. Turner, Mrs. B. A. Spaulding, and Mrs. E. Adams. Mrs. Adams is the only surviving wife in Iowa and she and her husband are the only couple of the Band who have lived to celebrate their golden wedding. That occurs on the day of this date. The two of us present, who have been associated with them during these fifty years, would not only express to them but put into this memorandum warm and hearty congratulations with them that have lived to see this joyful and eventful occasion. God has been kind to them. May the kindness long continue!

There is need only to add that while those of us whose wives have gone before, still deeply and constantly mourn their loss, we would here record our fuller sense of the richness, the sufficiency and surety of divine consolation for every time of need.

HARVEY ADAMS,
EPHRAIM ADAMS.
WILLIAM SALTER.

Drawn up by Harvey Adams.

Waterloo, May 16, 1897.

The members of the Iowa Band who to-day in the home of one of them sign this paper, make record as follows:

Since we met in Burlington one year ago, three of our number have passed over to the presence of our Saviour and Lord: Brother H. Adams in New Hampton, A. B. Robbins in Muscatine, and Mrs. E. B. Turner in Owego, New York. Beside ourselves there only remain Brother E. Alden of Marshfield, Massachusetts, Mrs. D. Lane, of Freeport, Maine, and Mrs. B. A. Spaulding of Ottumwa. It is now fifty-four years since our work in Iowa began and we wish still to record the goodness of God in bringing us at an auspicious time to a good field and that his blessing has rested upon it. Drawing near to the sunset of our day, it is a joy to think of even the little part we may have had in what God through his servants has done in Iowa. It is the Lord's doing and marvelous in our eyes. It is with fond affection we cherish the memories of our brothers and sisters who have gone before to the blessedness, we trust, of those who die in the Lord, and we, though only the remnant of families and of the Band, gratefully acknowledge that not one thing hath failed of all which the

Lord our God hath promised. And our hope is that when our summons comes, as soon it must, we, as believers in Jesus, may be gathered with them for yet further service and joy on the other shore.

WILLIAM SALTER,
EPHRAIM ADAMS,
MRS. EPHRAIM ADAMS.

Drawn up by Ephraim Adams.

Atlantic, Cass County, Iowa, May 21, A.D. 1899.

In attendance at the 60th annual meeting of the Congregational Association of the state, and entertained at the hospitable home of D. Findlay, M. D., the surviving members of the Iowa Band of 1843 record their devout and grateful acknowledgment to the divine mercy and grace which for fifty-six years have sustained them in the work of the Christian ministry in Iowa. They see with joy and gladness that in every portion of the commonwealth, churches and ministers which hold the ancient faith and order of the gospel have been multiplied. With admiring satisfaction they behold the zeal and devotion and the enlightened spirit of their younger brethren in the ministry and they give to those brethren their cordial salutation and blessing in the Lord Jesus. Recalling with hallowed and tender affection the members of the Band who were formerly with us, with whom we have labored and prayed together for the salvation of Iowa, whose spirits now rest in God, they rejoice in the blest tie which, as it was in the beginning, and as it has been for more than a half century, still binds our hearts in Christian love, and to-day makes the fellowship of our kindred minds like that above.

EPHRAIM ADAMS, age 81,
WILLIAM SALTER, age 77.

Drawn up by William Salter.

Burlington, Iowa, May 24, 1901.

The last surviving members of those who came to the Territory of Iowa from the Theological Institution of Andover, Massachusetts, in the year 1843, assembled in the city of Burlington at the sixty-second annual meeting of the Congregational Association of the state, record their devout thanksgiving to the great Head of the Church for the continued care of divine Providence over them to the fifty-eighth year of their ministry in Iowa, their grateful recollections of the good-

ness of God in giving to them, and to their brethren who have rested from their labors, a humble part in planting Christian civilization in this beloved Commonwealth, and their fervent prayers that the fruits of righteousness may in every part of the state be sown in peace of them that make peace in all the future years of its history.

EPHRAIM ADAMS, age 83,

MRS. EPHRAIM ADAMS, age 80,

WILLIAM SALTER, age 79.

Drawn up by William Salter.

APPENDIX II

Boston, May 28, 1844.

A meeting of gentlemen was held at the Home Mission Rooms at the request of the Rev'd Asa Turner of the Territory of Iowa.

The following gentlemen were present:—

Rev'd Calvin E. Stowe,	Rev'd I. A. Allro,
Rev'd George E. Pierce,	Rev'd William Tyler,
Rev'd Edward Beecher,	Rev'd E. N. Kirk,
Rev'd R. S. Storrs,	Rev'd Milton Badger,
Rev'd Theron Baldwin,	Mr. D. Noyes,
Rev'd John M. Ellis,	Mr. I. A. Palmer.

Rev'd Dr. Storrs was called to the chair, and E. Beecher was appointed secretary.

A record was read by the Rev'd Mr. Turner of the proceedings of the Iowa College Association—proposing a plan for the founding and endowment of a college by the purchase of a tract of land. Statements were so made by Mr. Turner explanatory of their views.

Dr. Storrs being obliged to retire, D. Noyes was called to the chair in his place.

Questions were then proposed to elicit as fully as possible the facts of the case, and the whole subject was carefully discussed.

After this discussion, a committee was appointed consisting of D. Noyes, Geo. E. Pierce, E. Beecher, and Theron Baldwin, to whom the three following questions were referred:

1. Is it expedient at this time to begin an effort for the establishment of a college in Iowa?

2. Is the plan proposed by Mr. Turner best adapted to secure the end in view?

3. If not, what plan is to be preferred to it?

Voted to adjourn to to-morrow at 3 P. M. at this place.

Boston, May 29, 1844.

According to adjournment, the meeting was held at the Home Mission Rooms.

The gentlemen of the committee made individual reports on

the questions assigned to them; and there being an entire concurrence of views, the separate reports were assigned to E. Beecher to be united in one as the opinion of this meeting—which was done as follows:—

1. Is it expedient at this time to begin an effort for the establishment of a college in Iowa?

It is expedient to begin to put things in train for the foundation of a college in Iowa, in order to secure united counsels, and to be in a condition to take advantage of all available means for securing the end.

2. Is the plan proposed best adapted to gain the end in view?

The plan of endeavoring to endow a college by borrowing money to purchase a township of land, confiding in its increase of value in five years, to repay the principal, involves the following serious disadvantages:—

(1) The risking the success of the whole enterprise on the chances of making a wise purchase, sure to increase in value.

(2) The difficulty of securing the requisite quantity of land, just where the great interests of collegiate education for ages to come would demand a college and the irreparable injury to the enterprise of failing to do this.

(3) The risking of the success of the enterprise on the financial skill of an association of benevolent men, whose main ends are intellectual and moral and not financial.

(4) The injury to which the ministry of Iowa are exposed if they undertake to carry through so vast a system of speculation by the absorption of mind in secular and commercial and agricultural interests and plans, which it will produce.

(5) The obstacles which such a plan would present to the cultivation of a benevolent and self-denying spirit in the churches. If the land was secured it would afford a good excuse for not giving, and thus the primary steps would take the college out of the bosom of the churches and throw it into the cold regions of speculation.

(6) The character and reputation of the ministry of Iowa would be exposed to great abuse. For in the transaction of so much business it would be strange if no occasions of hostility and odium should arise, and if any imprudent or indefensible steps are taken by only one or two of their agents, still the odium would extend to all more or less.

(7) If the final results of the speculation should be unfortunate it would be in the highest degree disastrous.

(8) Should there be a failure there would be less sympathy to fall back upon.

(9) There is a strong prejudice at the East against all plans of this sort, from the failure of other plans based on the idea of securing endowments by the rise of land—and even if this plan were entirely unexceptionable, it would be impossible to free it from the opposing influence of that prejudice.

In view of these considerations we cannot recommend the plan as adopted to gain the end in view.

3. What plan is to be preferred to it?

The wisest plan would be to obtain a good location for the college in the best place; taking an enlarged view of the great interests of collegiate education in all ages.

To obtain this location if possible by donation, and not to be anxious to secure more land at the college than is sufficient for college purposes—say forty acres.

At the same time to receive by way of donation as much land as will be given either near the college or elsewhere.

To avoid the contraction of debts as a first principle.

To form an accumulating fund, and to endeavor to train every church to add something to it every year, that the college may be from the outset rooted in their affections and grow with their growth, and strengthen with their strength. Too much importance cannot be attached to this simple measure. Do not despise the day of small things—and trust in God to open and unite all hearts.

Let all donations be outright, and no peculiar privileges be offered to donors for future ages, as a compensation for donations.

Secure if possible the immediate payments of all donations.

Regard an elevated reputation, and the affections and confidence of the community as your best endowment and as leading under God to the securing of all the aid that you need.

As early as may be safely done, begin instruction on a moderate scale, and enlarge your plans with your means.

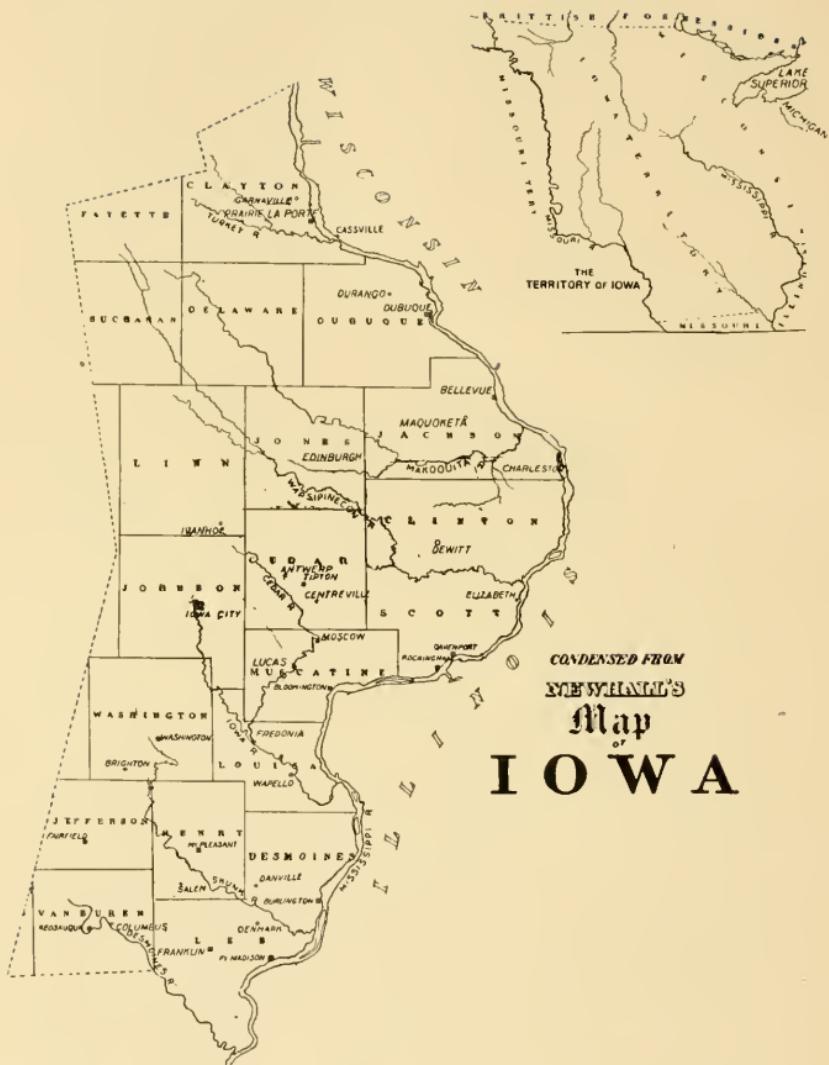
Aid from the East cannot be obtained as it once was. The newly formed society is rapidly gaining the confidence of the Eastern churches, and through it aid may be obtained when the plan and the system of instruction shall be so matured that they can secure the confidence of the Eastern mind.

Meantime, patience, perseverance, enlarged views and hope in God are essential to begin and to execute such a plan.

This is the substance of the particular reports made by the individuals of the committee united as one, by order of the meeting.

Attest.

E. BEECHER, Secretary.



CONDENSED FROM
NEWHALL'S

Map
of

IOWA

ADDENDA

NOTES

NOTE 1, page 12. Of that prayer-meeting it can be said that it has never wholly died out. The members of the Band, of course, held it in mind. Some of their brethren, especially in the earlier days, joined in this remembrance of each other. It is but a few years since at a General Association by a rising vote they pledged an observance of Tuesday night. It is not to be supposed in a changing ministry that all would do this, but it can with safety be said that, up to this time, there always have been those, sometimes more, sometimes less, who have remembered it. Often has it been a comfort to those in affliction to know that at a specified time their names were mentioned at the throne of grace. And what a bond of brotherhood it would be among the ministers of any state to have a concert of prayer for one another!

NOTE 2, p. 22. Two incidents during the stay at Milwaukee are fresh in mind. One, a Monday morning call upon the pastor of our church there, a modest, retiring young man, afterwards known as Dr. Chapin, the first and for so long a time president of Beloit College. The second, an interview with Rev. Stephen Peet, at that time Missionary Agent of Wisconsin, who, true to his work in hand, labored somewhat urgently to produce the conviction that in the Territory of Wisconsin were the fields of greatest need and promise, while Iowa Territory was so far west and so crude as to make it almost preposterous for so many to think of going there.

NOTE 3, p. 26. The hospitalities of that entrance to Iowa were never forgotten. Then were acquaintances formed and friendships begun that grew and strengthened in after years. There was at that time in Burlington a veritable mother in Israel, Mrs. James G. Edwards, and her generous-hearted husband, the founder, editor and proprietor of the Burlington

Hawkeye, whose western experience enabled them to see what these young men whom they took to their home had before them, as they could not. Everything said and done seemed to be out of the motherly heart full of joy, yet serious and earnest, for God's blessing on the work in hand. The hymn for morning worship was well chosen:

Kindred in Christ, for his dear sake,
A hearty welcome here receive.
May we together now partake
The joys which only He can give.

NOTE 4, p. 31. As a matter of fact, there has never been a time when all have been together since leaving the seminary. Yet the occasions in Iowa where a number have met have by no means been infrequent. Especially has this been the case at annual meetings of the General Association. Not always, but frequently, on such occasions have they recorded their testimony as to themselves, their fields of labor, etc., in reading which it can be seen how the Band has melted away till but a remnant is left.

NOTE 5, p. 37. The position of the Band of Congregationalists thus taken by the side of those who welcomed them here, whose united work made Iowa an object lesson for the ideals of such spirits as Ellis and Sturtevant and Post, of Illinois, of Hobart, of Michigan, was the coming of a new chapter into our denominational history in the West and through the land, a chapter but little appreciated in these days. But few understand the situation at that time or realize the importance of those things that turned the scale. If any one is interested to know these things, he can do no better than turn to the Recollections of a Nonagenarian, by the late Dr. Holbrook who was an actor therein.

NOTE 6, p. 38. It is pleasing to read, in a letter of Father Turner to Rev. J. A. Reed, more than twenty years after the coming of the Band, such words as these: "I have never been disappointed in them. I have reason for gratitude to them and to God that they have always treated me with so much kindness and confidence, and that the experience of twenty-one years has led me to esteem them so highly in love for their works' sake." Brother Reed used to say of the members of

the Band and those before them, "that like two drops of water flowing together they became one."

NOTE 7, p. 39. The map on page 234 will show not only the places named in this chapter, but also suggest the state of things at the time, away to the west, even to the Pacific Indian Territory. The journey described was made by the author in the summer of 1844. In the first edition he disguised himself and brethren by the use of initials, etc., but in this edition the real names are given.

NOTE 8, p. 51. The author shrinks from making frequent allusions to his own experience, but he may be allowed, perhaps, to state what in particular led him to Denmark at this time. It was a question awaiting decision, to him of no little weight. There had come an invitation to succeed Brother Hitchcock in his labors just closed at Davenport. A call from a church of eighteen members and fairly organized; a church building just being completed, that seemed spacious (28x38): a river location in scenery of surpassing beauty—a call to what seemed a field of greater usefulness—these were attractions; but not to be yielded to without counsel and advice of Father Turner, then the Home Missionary Agent for a portion of his time. So an interview was sought. In his study the situation was stated—the pros and cons gone over; then a walk together along the alley leading from his residence to a farm gate shutting it in from the highway, the matter still under discussion, and there continued for some moments, one upon one side of the gate, and the other upon the other, till a decision was arrived at in this wise:

"Why," said he, as a reason for change, "you can fit students in Latin and Greek for college, can't you, if necessary?"

"Why, yes, of course," was the reply.

"Well, then," said he, "go to Davenport; prepare the way for the college."

So came an eleven years' pastorate there, with much outside work for what will appear in a chapter yet to come.

NOTE 9, p. 58. The family alluded to was that of Charles Atkinson, Esq., of Moline, Illinois, elder brother of Rev. Geo. Atkinson of Oregon fame. The Father in the ministry was Father Turner; the youthful minister, the writer. Fresh in mind are the very attitude, the earnestness of tone and look when he made the prophecy, just as after reading the Scrip-

tures and a season of prayer he was taking his leave. In that region now there are over one hundred thousand inhabitants and the number is still increasing.

NOTE 10, p. 95. It was incumbent upon the writer to carry this paper to the East for publication. It was presented first to Secretary Badger at New York, with but little doubt that he would favor the plan, but he began at once very politely to discourage it. As the reasons for it were urged, "Well," he said, "you are going to Boston, carry it to Dr. Clark, the Massachusetts Secretary, and see what he says." The paper presented to him met with the same discouragement. As the reasons were being rehearsed with the urgency of a last chance, "Well," said he, "it is of no use; Dr. Badger has written to me about it and we are agreed. The churches won't stand it." The effort was fruitless unless, as a result of it, there appeared in the *Home Missionary*, soon after, beautiful pictures of log-cabin churches and cheap frame churches, with calculations made showing with how little money they could be built.

NOTE 11, p. 104. And further still. So far as known, the first conception of a college in Iowa was in the mind of Reuben Gaylord while yet a student in Yale, and before Iowa had fairly begun to be, and is found in a letter of his written in 1838, to the secretaries of the A. H. M. S., which tells of an enterprise in which he and some others are interested in respect to education and a college in the Iowa District, the Black Hawk Purchase, asking what they can do to help in the matter. That letter, in his own handwriting, through the courtesy of the secretaries, is now in the Iowa alcove of the College Library. Coming himself to Iowa soon after, to join Turner and Reed, also from Yale, we are not surprised to find in the minutes of their early Association mention made of committees, and reports in reference to a college. As to the Band, one evening previous to their coming, they were by special invitation in the home of that good man, Samuel Farrar, the treasurer of Andover Seminary. He planned the opportunity, and faithfully did he improve it, of urging that a part of their missionary work in Iowa should be the early founding of a college, giving to each a copy of the charter and constitution of Phillips Academy, out of which came the Seminary. One of the copies is also now in the college archives. That first meeting in Denmark was where the two sets of influence came together.

NOTE 12, p. 109. Even to this day the phrase "Our College" has by no means died out. True, in the course of time, two others of our order have appeared. First, Tabor College, in the extreme southwestern corner of the state—an offshoot of Oberlin—and doing good work in Western Iowa and parts adjacent of Nebraska and Missouri. Next, of later date, to the far east in Muscatine County, came Wilton College, doing a like good work for our German youths, many having the ministry in view, in behalf of their countrymen. To these we all bid a hearty Godspeed. Still, remembering how early it was started; how it drew to itself the sympathy and support of the early churches as they began to multiply; how it has grown with their growth, standing somewhat central among them; mindful, too, of the fact that when aided by the College Society the understanding was that the united forces should be concentrated upon the one college, and not divided among many; it seems to the majority of the churches now but natural and reasonable to speak of Iowa College as "Our College," handed down as an inheritance from the past, as a sacred trust to be acknowledged and cared for. There is something also of the same feeling toward the old Denmark Academy, which was started before the College, and for a while was as much of a college as the College itself.

NOTE 13, p. 111. It may be of interest to know how this came about. While the early steps were being taken, not entirely free from fear lest they might prove premature, the encouraging fact became known (and what helped to turn the scale) that some one had deposited money with the Home Missionary treasurer at New York, for the benefit of some educational institution in a new Western state, said money to be paid at his order. By inquiries made the name and residence of that person was found. A letter sent to Mr. Carter through Dr. Badger (who heartily endorsed it), setting forth purpose and plans for a college in Iowa, brought back a response of interest expressed and a check enclosed of one hundred dollars, with some intimations of more. The correspondence which naturally ensued resulted in his donation, which, considering the time and circumstances, was one of the largest the College has ever received. In his letters (some of which, by the way are in that alcove before alluded to) he frequently speaks of "Our Infant College," showing its place of adoption in his heart, over which he was watching with a sort of parental care.

NOTE 14, p. 111. Those professors were: Rev. Erastus Ripley Carter, Professor of Ancient Languages; Rev. H. L. Bullen, Professor of Mathematics and Natural Philosophy; D. S. Sheldon, M.A., Professor of Chemistry and Natural Science; Rev. D. Lane, M.A., Professor of Mental and Moral Philosophy.

NOTE 15, p. 151. The initials in this fragment cannot all be given. Some of them have passed from the memory of its writer even. Suffice it to say that Bro. T., stands for Brother Nutting, then pastor of our once flourishing church at Bradford, Chickasaw County; C., is for Chapin where the esteemed Brother Avery was laboring; F., for Franklin County. The River S., was probably a swollen tributary of the Cedar.

NOTE 16, p. 213. During Brother Spaulding's ministry at Ottumwa, one of his parishioners presented him with a silver-headed ebony cane. In his last sickness he gave it to Brother Lane, expressing the wish that after him it might go to the next oldest of the Band that should be living, and so on to the end. The succession of the cane has been as follows:

March 31, 1867 from Spaulding to Lane.

April 3, 1890 from Lane to H. Adams.

September 23, 1896 from H. Adams to A. B. Robbins.

December 23, 1896 from Robbins to E. Adams.

NOTE 17, p. 213. This was June 12, 1893, by the falling of a tree across the carriage in which she and her husband with two lady friends were riding in the Burlington cemetery. She was killed instantly. Her husband, regarded at first as fatally injured, recovered. The two lady friends escaped unhurt.

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